

Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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THE END OF A PLEASANT DAY

Trout Fishing in the Wilds of the Colorado Rockies



By
H. STEWART SMITH
"Bob White"

MY GOOD WIFE says I'm crazy about fishing. (Since this writing Mrs. Smith has passed to the Great Beyond.) During the long winter evenings I am either going thru my tackle boxes, or making a new rod for the coming season. When the first warm breath of spring comes from the south, I begin to grow uneasy, an irresistible something calls me to some trout stream in the mountains. Setting type becomes irksome; the weather becomes warmer; the early spring flowers are in bloom; I have the fishing fever—I must go.

Ten years ago, when I first came to Colorado, I was furnished with annual passes on most of the railroads entering the state, and it was then that, after a trip of a thousand miles, just as I was about to give up finding the sort of place that suited me, I was told of Woods Lake, on the Colorado Midland Railway. I investigated. And, now, whenever I get the fishing fever, my wife knows that it will not be long ere I am hitting the trail to that resort.

Colorado is famed for its mild weather, shiny days, beautiful mountain scenery and remarkable trout fishing. Tourists from all over the country come to Colorado solely to enjoy this sport, and, if they go to the right place, they always have most excellent luck.

The majority of fishermen say that the trout is the gamiest fish that swims. Now, I do not agree upon that subject, altho it may be true when it comes to certain places—under certain conditions, as those that have any knowledge of the habits of the trout know that at times, there is no feathered contrivance or live bait that will tempt them. But to a great extent, this condition is overcome at Woods Lake. Here there is both lake and stream fishing. I have learned from experience, at this place, that when they are not striking at flies or bait on the lake, they will invariably do so in the stream that flows into the lake, and in the streams in the vicinity.

The source of the stream that forms the two lakes at this resort is of unknown origin, with the exception that it is formed by the melting of the eternal snows miles and miles back in the fastness of the Rockies. Within three miles of the camp, there are four lakes,—Eagle, Fairview, Woods and Alicia. The camp nestles right at the edge of Alicia, while a half mile above is Woods. Three miles above Woods, after a thousand foot climb, one reaches Fairview. A mile above this, is Eagle. Above Eagle the trail is so impassable, on account of being above timberline, that very few have ever explored beyond the latter lake.



"The Gods of Olympus Never Had Such a Feast"



"We were perfectly satisfied with our catch"



"They had caught larger trout than I had"

Mr. Smith is a paid contributor to all the Outdoor Magazines



These two latter lakes are full of large trout, and they seem to be the breeding places, as, during high water in the spring myriads of them find their way to the lower lakes. This, together with the fact that the lower lakes are stocked each year by the Government, accounts for the fact that there seems to be no diminishing in the number of trout at this place, altho it has been fished hard for the last fifteen years.

Like myself, Rev. Godfrey Raber, goes thru the same preparations that I do during the winter months, and, later, when the fishing fever gets him, we get together and plan for our trip. He says that he can preach better, sing better and always feels better after he returns from a trip to Woods Lake. It's the same with my friend "Louie," a gentleman of the "stick and rule."

Thus it came to pass that we three arrived at the lake "one beautiful afternoon," as the saying goes, but it was not, as we encountered a snow storm while on the way to the lake in the stage—and this was in August!

Such storms are not unusual in the mountains at that altitude, 9,600 feet, but they are of short duration, and soon pass away, followed by bright sunshine. We arrived at the lake in time for a late dinner, and as soon as we got our tackle ready, started out. The printer and the preacher, as on former trips to the lake, had designs on the lower body of water, while the writer went to the lake above, as he always had good luck at a certain place which he discovered on a former trip.

At that place there was a slight fall in the stream, caused by a jumble of rocks, over which the water dashed at a furious rate, and which formed an eddy, or back current—just such a place where the natural food of the trout would be washed down from the mountains,—whirled around in an eddy—and ever watched for by the trout. In fact, it is a natural feeding place for them. They lie there for the food that comes tumbling down. Trout holes are the deep, calm water beneath a dark stone or submerged log. If a flock of sunshine is tossed between the overhanging tree tops, you may often see your cunning game resposing in all its majesty.

And they were there that afternoon—as they were the year before—nice, lusty trout—waiting for the bait. My bait is cast about ten yards above that pool, and is allowed to drift down in a perfectly natural manner. No sooner does it reach it than it is taken by a trout, then comes the battle of wits. That is the charm of it all—the fish cunning against a man's brains. The first trout was lost, but I knew there were more there.



"The sun was just disappearing beyond the mighty San Cristobal Range"



"The cap, 50 feet below"

Repeating these tactics, I again hooked another. Big! as big as they generally grow at Woods Lake! You may be a banker, but you would rather get that trout than a big deposit account. You may be a bishop, but all the churches are forgotten while you are trying to land that trout. The longer you try to land him, the larger he seems to grow, and from a few glimpses of him darting hither and thither, you have no doubt judged his size. No doubt he is ten inches! twelve! fourteen! but after you have landed him, he gradually dwindles until you estimate him to be about a pound.

Now, can the reader that has never fished understand what the sensation is when a trout dashes at your bait and is hooked? Can it ever be described what it is to reel in the line, to see the rod bend like a whip lash, and at last! at last! you have landed him? Pleasure tingles your arms like the very elixir of life: your heart beats faster; you fairly tremble as the prize is landed in the boat, or at your feet.

I am of the opinion that this pool had not been fished very much, if at all, that season, as in two hours I had filled my creel to its limit, and as it had started to rain, returned to camp.

The minister and the printer had arrived a few minutes before I did, and altho their combined catch was not as large as the writer's, they had caught larger trout than I had.

Like a great many other fishermen, I like to fish by myself, and do not like to be bothered with some one moving around in a boat, or fouling lines while ashore. It was for this reason that most of my fishing was done alone. Of course, there were times when I had poor luck, but generally held my own with my two companions.

We were perfectly satisfied with our catch during our stay, and even before we left, we had made plans to visit it again the coming season.

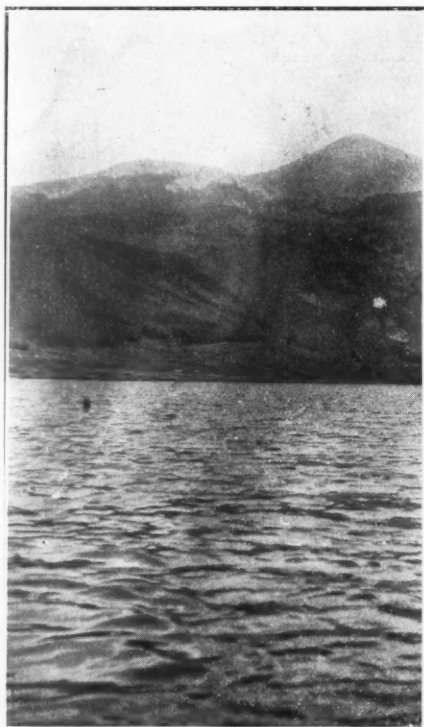
The day after the departure of my friends, I decided to take a trip to lake Fairview, alluded to in the beginning of this article—going alone. Climbing a mountain stream in the Rockies is a task indeed. The long, hard tramp adds such a zest of hunger that when you tie a piece of salt pork just above a fresh caught trout, and let its fat drip over it while suspended by a twig, over a few glowing embers, it is a feast fit for a king. The gods of Olympus never had such a feast.

Conditions were unfavorable at Fairview that day, and only a half dozen trout rewarded my efforts for that hard climb.

But I was amply repaid for that arduous trip. I was tired, completely tired out. I had seen things that I never expect to see again. Such scenery as there is up that wild climb to Fairview, must be left to an abler pen than mine.

* * * * *

When near camp, a large mountain lion slips down a vine covered rock a hundred yards in front of me, but I am a fisherman, and he seems to realize it as I have no rifle, and, after a few seconds look at me, swiftly vanishes in the undergrowth.



Mount Hope, Near Woods Lake



The Inspiration of "The End of a Pleasant Day"
Mrs. Smith
who departed this life January seventh
Nineteen hundred eighteen
Mrs. Smith was an ardent outdoor woman
and accompanied her husband on many of
his hunting and fishing trips.

Scared! Of course, I was, being unarmed. But it is a wellknown fact that these animals never attack a person as long as they are let alone.

Nevertheless, I walked faster, and looked back more often than I did before meeting it.

A half mile above camp, one comes to an open spot in the mountains, where he can see the camp five hundred feet below him. The scene from here is more beautiful than I can really describe it, and being tired out, sat down and rested for awhile.

Far to the west the sun was just disappearing beyond the mighty San Cristobal range, and the brook nearby was singing—singing, and the birds of evening calling.

Oh, such glorious fatigue! Only the fisherman can experience it!

A BOY WE MAY WELL BE PROUD OF

Rev. H. C. Prescott, father of Michigan's food administrator, tells the following story:

An old lady was carrying a basket of potatoes along a road which led near the bank of a stream. In stepping out of the road to allow Rev. Prescott to drive past the old lady stumbled and dropped her basket. The potatoes rolled away in all directions and some of them rolled down the bank into the stream and were carried along by the current.

Three young men were cutting corn in a field near by. Two of them began to laugh at the predicament of the old lady, but the third vaulted over the fence and came to her assistance. He speedily gathered up the potatoes, racing some distance down the stream to get those that had floated away. When all were in the basket he touched his hat, jumped the fence and was at work in no time. Rev. Prescott called out to the young man but was informed by the lady that the young man was deaf. Rev. Prescott beckoned the young man to the side of the buggy and with pad and pencil asked his name, at the same time adding some words of commendation. The young man replied: "If I told you my name it would spoil the pleasure I take in doing this kindness" and he turned away with a smile, but as he was about to vault the fence he returned to the side of the buggy and wrote: "If you wish to remember anything about this just remember it was done by a graduate of the Michigan School for the Deaf at Flint.—Michigan Mirror.

Cadwallader Washburn, Gallaudet, '90, the noted deaf artist, who was reported some time ago to have sailed for Siberia has been heard from (in October) at Swatow, China, planning to go on to Bangkok, Siam, and to Chuengmai, on the Burman border.

It is good to see the Silent Worker resuming its former policy and returning to its one time style and appearance that were ever so popular. Its old staff of contributors is also coming back. The Silent Worker is in a class by itself and stands for the highest type of typographical and literary excellence, and every page shows the artistic and mechanical genius of George Porter.—The Iowa Hawkeye.

EUGENICS

By ALICE T. TERRY



IT IS WELL, that the National Association of the Deaf now undertakes to draw the attention of the deaf in general to some knowledge of genetics, or the laws of heredity. During the last few years a great deal has appeared in periodicals and in books anent the general unfitness of certain abnormals for marriage and for subsequent parenthood. In this respect it seems to me that no class of people have been hit harder than the deaf, here in America at least. Of course we all know that the most sensational of these writers are men poorly informed,—ambitious, unscrupulous men who substitute prejudice and second hand information for first hand knowledge and actual experience as much as they dare. And they can dare a great deal, considering that they are attacking a weaker element—an element which, by dint of its small size and unpopularity, lacks the power to arise and stop them. Commenting upon the marriage and parenthood of deaf people writers generally have shown no tendency to discriminate between the congenitally deaf and the adventitiously deaf. This and other wholesale abuse hurled against us caused me to turn my attention to biology and eugenics, and for two years this special branch of science has been my devoted study.

What a world of interesting and astonishing facts have since been revealed to me!

Biology, or the science of life, is not a popular subject, there are few people outside scientific circles who will even look at the book. Eugenics, or the science of a better race of people, on the other hand has proven quite popular with all classes of people, good, bad, and indifferent. But the true eugenicist, the man or woman worthy the name, must study biology. A knowledge of the medical sciences is also necessary.

Eugenics rightly treated is a noble subject, far reaching in its possibilities for good. Yet in all science no subject has been more abused than this one. During my studies nothing has ever impressed me more than this: I have found that real science, great enduring truth, is more often found in books tucked away on the shelves of the libraries than in the columns of magazines and newspapers. In the scientific world, as in other realms of high endeavour, there is constant warfare upon the pseudoist, the quack and the impostor. The real scientist, that seeker after eternal truths, is on first recognition a sort of reluctant person; he is slow to speak or write; in no other profession do men take such infinite pains to be accurate; he is unwilling to jump at every logical conclusion as truth, for, as he says, "a logical chain has led many a man into the bondage of error." So then he is more than ordinarily careful to be exacting—that is, he wishes to avoid saying or doing anything that could possibly be detrimental to any good cause or people.

Who could read the life and labors of that pioneer great American scientist, Louis Agassiz, without becoming deeply attached to the man and to the high ideals for which he stood?

Another thing, a study of science will enhance your powers of logic as nothing else will. This was quite a discovery for me, as I am a woman, and women have always been accused of being illogical. Of the many books on eugenics and biology that I have read none have given me a better understanding of eugenics—its noble purpose as well as its wholesale abuse—as *The Progress of Eugenics*, published in 1914 by Dr. Caleb Williams Saleeby, a noted English scientist. And it is from his excellent book that I propose to shape the substance of this article.

Eugenics Defined

Sir Francis Galton who founded eugenics more than fifty years ago says, "Eugenics is the science which seeks to improve all the inborn qualities of a race." Since Galton's death less than fifteen years



MRS. ALICE T. TERRY

ago this term has suffered various interpretations, with the inevitable result that people have much to unlearn before they can take eugenics in the right spirit. Just now the Great War is a sad blow towards its further encouragement and progress. The greatest nations of the earth are arrayed one against the other in deadly combat; their greatest crime is not that they are fighting the war of wars, the most terrible war of history, but that they are committing race-suicide on the most gigantic scale ever known. Our finest example of physical and intellectual manhood are being ruthlessly destroyed like so many weeds or cattle. This is a very grave matter for the eugenicist. As Benjamin Franklin said, "Wars are not paid for in war times; the bill comes later." War's awful cost to the race will be realized hereafter. Women and children, and in the majority of cases old men and incompetent boys will be left to struggle along; to re-adjust civilization; to preserve, strengthen and encourage the remnant of the race—eugenically speaking—as best they can. Truly, this war is a staggering blow at eugenics, and I would not now be writing upon this subject were it not for that question of the deaf and heredity deafness.

Eugenics, in plain words, is primarily a study in inheritance. Next to the desire that every child be well-born, meaning that he comes of reasonably sound parents and ancestry, is the necessity of favorable environment for his development and growth. A child coming of the best ancestry, nurtured or raised in a relatively poor environment, often stands less chance of becoming the desired type of individual than that child born of poor stock but reared in the best environment. The true eugenicist is becoming more and more concerned with the importance of *nurture*. Not only that nurture and development of the child after birth, but what is equally important ante-natal nurture as well. It is the average mother who bears the heaviest burden. She is not sufficiently protected, her rights from a biological standpoint, even in this enlightened age, are as yet little recognized. She is fretted, worried and over-

worked; she is made to struggle against conditions over which she has no power, with the result that an alarmingly large percentage of children come into the world pre-maturely born. The chances of these children growing up into the normal, desired type of individual are slim; they are more likely to grow up defective in one way or another. More of these weaklings later.

Dr. Saleeby says that in Great Britain the premature birth-rate is nearly one-third of the total population. In the United States where living is even more strenuous it must be even higher. The work of two great American women, Jane Addams and Jeanette L. Rankin, is at present not so much a fight for the rights of women as it is fundamentally a fight for the rights of mothers from a biological standpoint. Inseparable from the rights of mothers is the right of humanity. Only he who can lay due value upon *mother* and *nurture* is worthy the title of eugenicist.

Positive Eugenics means the encouragement of worthy parenthood; normal people of good ancestry should be more willing to have children, larger families. *Negative Eugenics* means the discouragement of unworthy parenthood. Any one can see that the feeble-minded, the insane, alcoholics, and certain other types of degenerates are a dependent, irresponsible class of people, therefore they are wholly unfit for marriage or parenthood. But to also place in this class the educated, self-supporting, tax-paying, responsible deaf or deaf-mute citizen—as so many scientists are doing—is an unpardonable insult and injury to us.

Preventive Eugenics means the protection of parenthood from the racial poisons, chief of which are alcohol and venereal diseases.

The Abuse of Eugenics

Dr. Saleeby says, "All sorts of people are writing upon eugenics, legislatures have rushed into it, sometimes with lamentable consequences, and the curious fact is that the greater part of these aberrations and effronteries have proceeded from the United States!" And we—we boast of a free and democratic country! The above criticism did not surprise me, familiar as I have been for a long time with sensational, disgusting articles from the pens of certain professing American eugenists. Dr. Saleeby goes on to say that "the United States is also the pioneer of the best work on human genetics that has ever yet been done." Yet he warns us that the statistical method is not to be taken as infallible. Invaluable as statistics are, they are often just as treacherous as they are invaluable. Only persons thoroughly familiar with the subject matter in hand should be entrusted to gather data. The sham eugenicist has repeatedly advocated the segregation or the wholesale sterilization of all types of defectives which he enumerates as follows: the feeble-minded, the insane, the deaf, the blind, the epileptic, the cretin, the alcoholic, the vicious and the criminal. Notice that no attempt is made at discrimination; the capable, self-respecting deaf and the capable, self-respecting blind, and in many instances the brilliant though not congenital epileptic, are ruthlessly thrown in with the undesirable of the earth. The true eugenicist, on the contrary, loathes such a suggestion as the above; especially is he opposed to that cry for wicked, mutilative surgical operations upon any class of unfortunate people. Such an inhuman and unscientific suggestion has caused many good people to throw up in disgust the whole subject of eugenics.

The sham scientist would make of eugenics a basis for the spread of his unholy, materialistic philosophy. He is infinitely a greater menace to society than are any of the unfortunates whom he seeks to further crush or destroy. Many of us still remember the newspaper story of the first so-called "eugenic marriage" in America, how the contracting parties chose

each other for reasons of physical fitness—physical perfection—not for love, how they chose to be married on a battleship (as if they could not create sensation enough) instead of at home or in a church. But the crowning absurdity of it all is that this couple expected a new generation of superior people to spring from their union! Only persons with a working knowledge of the biological sciences can appreciate fully the extent of the above absurdity.

The Example Set by Great Britain

Unlike the American scientist, Dr. Saleeby would not seek to prohibit the marriage of the deaf, either the adventitiously or the congenitally deaf. He believes that they have as much right to marry as any one. But where there is a taint of heredity deafness in one or both families he urges that they refrain from parenthood. This is good and sensible advice, it constitutes real negative eugenics that is to discourage the bringing of possibly more defectives into the world. This is done by suggestion and teaching, instead of any attempt to forcibly mutilate them intellectually and physically. The English scientist takes pains to distinguish between acquired deafness and congenital or inherited deafness.

Having observed that the deaf in general get too little sympathy, Mr. Leo Bonn founded and endowed in London not many years ago a society called The National Bureau for the Promotion of the General Welfare of the Deaf. *Sympathy* in this instance does not mean *pity* and *charity* which the self-respecting deaf everywhere loathe, but it means *consideration* and *respect* which we must all admit is often withheld from us. Further, Dr. Kerr Love of Glasgow, the most distinguished student of deafness in Great Britain, has gone about his work anent the general welfare of the deaf "in a fashion which long will serve as a model." As a model to whom? To the erring, inconsiderate scientists of other nations.

In his labors Dr. Love is guided solely by the scientific and the human instinct. His work is said also "to surpass in one absolutely essential respect, any of the work done even by the Eugenic Record Office in America." How refreshing to read of the sane and considerate methods of our Mother Country! England can properly be called the Home of Science; she has given to the world by far the largest number of great scientists; America leads in inventive genius; France leads in art; and Germany—in what does Germany excel? Efficiency, chiefly military. The war has shockingly revealed so much that was at the bottom of German science, and after this we can never again expect "German Methods" to be popular with either scientists or educators.

Anent the Increase of Deafness

Many writers try to arouse great alarm over the well recognized fact that deafness among all classes of people is on the increase. I do not believe that the spread is due chiefly to heredity causes, as some of them say; instead the increase is more reasonably due to the unnatural conditions in which we live. As civilization advances we get farther and farther away from nature; our houses are at fault; our food is at fault; our clothes are at fault. We are the victims of a long list of nervous disorders. Throat, nose, ear and eye troubles increase; cancer and

tuberculosis increase; quite naturally the conditions favorable to deafness keep apace. There would be a great deal more blindness were it not for the fact that most people now protect themselves by acquiring glasses as they approach middle age. Just now the war is bringing a great new army of deaf men into prominence.

As to the greater number of deaf children nowadays, no one can say how many of them became deaf while infants a few weeks or months old from causes unknown or unobserved by mother or physician. As I said farther back, the greater number of delicate, pre-maturely born children grow up defective in one way or the other. I have no official figures for it but it is just as reasonable to suppose that many of them are the prey of deafness while so young that it is their misfortune later to be classed with the congenitally deaf. In regard to the saying, "Census reports from fifteen countries of Europe give more cases of congenital than acquired deafness," remember that statistics are often treacherous. Even if the above is true it must be remembered that consanguineous marriages, or the marriages of cousins, of which there are many; often result in deaf offspring. I do not deny that some types of deaf-mute parents do have deaf offspring; but I do deny, I denounce the general impression given out that they alone—this type of deaf-mute—are responsible for the alarming increase of deaf-mutism. The laws of biology will not sustain such an impression, for always the law of variation works. The germ cells are composed of countless units, some normal, some defective, and it is mere chance which of these shall unite in the formation of life. We see this everywhere. One instance is where congenitally deaf parents have normal children, when we expected quite the contrary. But according to Mendel's Law, which is universally accepted, the defect will sooner or later crop out in another generation. Some biologists even contend that congenital deafness and congenital blindness show no tendency to increase nor to decrease. Here the law of heredity is practically at a standstill. Ever the great law of variation works.

Mendel's experiments were upon plants and the lower animals, and not upon humans. Referring to this one biologist says, "Such experiments upon man are out of the question, and we must rely upon observation and statistics." There are many reasons why man cannot be studied like the plants and lower animals, but there is not space for that story here.

In regard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's recent statement that "out of 300 marriages of the deaf 1044 children were born, 585 of whom were deaf," I do not know how he managed it, for the figures are wholly at variance with what we are accustomed to observing every day. For instance in the great city where I live, taking fifty couples of various types of deafness, I find that very, very few of them have had deaf offspring. I think the same can be said of every other city or community where the deaf dwell in large numbers.

Plain Facts in Plain Words

Should the deaf marry? Yes. Should they intermarry? Yes. Why? Because it is natural for them to do so, the existing bond of sympathy creating the love marriage, which after all is the only marriage

worth while. They can do greater good, as Dr. Saleeby says, by marrying than by remaining lonely and single. Should all the deaf who marry have children? No. No. Here it is necessary to discriminate. Deaf-mutes who in the light of their family history are liable to have deaf offspring should refrain from parenthood. It takes three generations to prove whether the defective trait is established in a family or not. There are different opinions as to whether normals should marry deaf who carry the defect in their germ plasm. Dr. Davenport, the famous American eugenicist, once advocated such an order, but he was much criticised for it. Any law to prohibit the marriage of those deaf from heredity causes would also have to be applied to the normals in the same family.

All that the deaf need is enlightenment. Ever desirous of being a useful asset to society, I know that they will welcome a practical knowledge of genetics or the science of heredity. Once they fully realize that they as a class are not properly appreciated or understood, that instead they are classed with the unfit, the insane, the feeble-minded, the diseased, the criminal, etc., they will then naturally wish to avoid bringing into the world possibly more deaf children to share the same unkind fate. We do not fully appreciate the fact that the world looks upon deafness as a very great misfortune, much greater than we ourselves realize.

There is no better way to answer a question than to ask it to yourself. Thus, "Shall I bring into the world children who through my family or my husband's family run the risk of inheriting deafness?" I ask myself that question, and in the light of my recent learning my answer is an emphatic NO! My own children have escaped, they are entirely normal, there being no trace of deafness in either our immediate or remote ancestry. As I said, all that the deaf need is enlightenment. They should look not so much into the present as into the future, toward posterity. Those of you who can should procure and read Dr. Saleeby's book, "The Progress of Eugenics." It is a convincing story, beautiful and touching in the extreme.

Most of us are familiar with that resentment manifested by deaf parents whenever it is suggested to them that their children marry the children of other deaf parents. Did you ever see deaf parents who did not invariably resent such an idea? I never have. Just why they should feel that way has never been fully defined. But I think one reason is that they instinctively fear that deafness might be propagated in that way. When they can grasp true eugenics in like spirit, then they, the congenitally deaf, can better realize their responsibility to the race, to posterity.

Somehow I am writing these plain facts with reluctance, knowing as I do what a fine mother is the average deaf-mute mother. Just now we see so many of her fine, normal sons doing heroic service in the World War. It seems unjust or cruel to wish to deny her the divine right of motherhood. But remember we are discussing only *heredity deafness*. If only the world looked upon us as we really are—we are happy and useful to the extent that we scarcely feel defective—there would then be no need for the scientist's increased activity and alarm anent us.

ALICE T. TERRY.

WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN

When little things irritate you, be silent. When some one speaks sharply or unkindly to you, be silent. To reply unkindly would only make the matter worse, beside causing a loss of dignity. Remember it always takes two to make a quarrel.

"Words better left unsaid come back and grieve us when we think them dead."

When slander is going on its rounds, keep still. If you cannot say a good word, be silent. There are times when silence is one of the greatest virtues conceivable. It requires great strength of character to remain silent in the face of some things, but it is a battle nobly fought and won—a victory over self, and that is a great victory. To speak is easy, but it often means defeat.—*Star of Hope*.

FOUR ESSENTIALS

Four things a man must learn to do

If he would make his record true:

To think without confusion clearly;

To love his fellow-men sincerely;

To act from honest motives purely;

To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Every virtue carries with it its own reward, but none in so distinguished and pre-eminent a degree as benevolence.

There are two books laid before us to study, to prevent our falling into error: first, the volume of the Scriptures, which reveal the will of God; then the volume of the Creatures, which express His power.—*Bacon*.

As is well known, the Government is not yet so hard up for soldier stuff that it will accept the deaf, individually or in companies or other units, in spite of the ardent activities of J. Frederick Meagher. Yet Michigan has the honor of furnishing a deaf man to the draft, and he is probably the only one in the country. It is Eddie McMullen, of Detroit, a graduate of our school, and it is understood that his is one of those hard-of-hearing cases that has improved till the hearing is quite normal. His choice of service is the Ambulance corps.—*Michigan Mirror*.

Never hold any one by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—*Chesterfield*.

PHILADELPHIA

By J. S. REIDER

AT THE Omaha convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, when Philadelphia bid for the next convention, it was favored by a very decisive vote, and the vote was forthwith made unanimous. After the vote, the Philadelphia delegates were showered with congratulations, many appearing very glad of a prospective visit to the "Cradle of Liberty." One prominent Frater said, "Even if I am not elected a delegate, I expect to be there." So much for the first display of enthusiasm for Philadelphia as the next convention city. Shortly after the delegates had returned to their homes, the enthusiasm for Philadelphia was kept up by the formation of Philateen Clubs, (savings clubs) in a number of cities. And for the last two years every issue of the *Frat*, the official organ of the Society, contained an editorial reminder of the convention city. All these displays were sincere, no doubt; but the crux of it all is that now, when the Local Committee is straining its wits to try to get an estimate of the number of persons it is expected to entertain and begging help from the various Divisions and others to lead it to a fair figure, its request has been almost totally ignored, so far. Only four or five Divisions have responded to the Committee's appeal. What does this mean? Where is all that splendid enthusiasm shown before? Of course, the uncertain times and unusual conditions are in a measure responsible for the hesitancy in writing to the Committee. But still some reply should be sent that will help to guide the Committee to form an estimate of the number of persons it may be expected to entertain. The delegate and those with good-sized money bags may say "Put me and my wife down sure;" the alternate delegate may say, "I expect to come to Philadelphia, if nothing hinders me;" the prospective visitor may say, "I am anxious to visit the Birthplace of Liberty; but, owing to the high cost of living, I shall be obliged to leave my wife behind." (O, Dearie!) The uninterested may say, "No; I don't care a bit to go to Philadelphia, because it is too slow for anything;" the New Yorker may say, "No, not me, my 'hoss-cars' are as good as anything I could enjoy in Philadelphia;" the country fellow may say, "I will only come if I hear that the German army has not reached Philadelphia in July, 1918." Any other answer may be given by which the Committee can judge the temper of

the writers and form its judgment. Awake up Fraters and "quit yourselves like men."

The last annual dinner of the Gallaudet Club was held at Wissinoming Hall, Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Mt. Airy, on December 15th, 1917, and but for this fact we should not think of recalling it at this late day. We did not get the chance to write of it before, so let it go on record now. Some



MR. HARRY E. STEVENS

may wonder that the dinner was held at the School for the Deaf, but the change from a public to a private place pleased rather than disappointed any one. All seemed agreed that the menu which Matron Hess served could not be excelled for the price elsewhere, and, all in all, the dinner was a very enjoyable affair. In connection with it, the hand-painted menu booklets again formed beautiful souvenirs of the occasion, and credit for it is due to Mr. Harry E. Stevens, who has displayed similar artistic skill on a number of former occasions.

In our previous letter, writing of legacies received by the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown, we mentioned one that we feared would be invalidated on the face of the facts disclosed. Indeed, we had very little hope of a favorable outcome in this particular instance. But, lo! the WORKER had not yet made its appearance when, on January 31st, the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf received from the Liberty Title and Trust Company, the Executor of the estate of the late Sophia H. Hermann, a check for \$6,956.12 and five shares of the Capital Stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company (valued at \$57 each at time of settlement) making a total value of \$7,241.12, all of which, as stipulated by the will, is to be added to the Endowment Fund of the Home. This brings the Fund up to \$16,689.61.

After waiting until Dr. A. L. E. Crouter had recovered from the effects of his illness of last Fall, the Board of Directors of the Mt. Airy School, recently, tendered him a dinner at the Rittenhouse Club in honor of having passed fifty years in the profession of teaching the deaf here. It must have been an elegant treat and high honor to Dr. Crouter to be thus dined by the Directors of the School, but the climax of the occasion was the presentation to him of a valuable silver tea service by the Directors.

The Philadelphia Frats masquerade ball, given at Grand Fraternity Hall, Arch Street above Sixteenth Street, on January 25th, last, turned out a most successful and enjoyable affair.

On January 8th, last, a boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. David Speece, of Camden, New Jersey; but the infant died within two days after birth.

Bloomsburg, Pa., Jan. 3.—Albertson, an 80-year-old deaf and dumb hermit, who has for years lived in a small shack near Forks, Columbia county, tonight met the end that had long been prophesied.

Insisting on walking on the Bloomsburg and Sullivan Railroad tracks, he had been hit a dozen times by trains. Tonight a crew failed to see him until the train was almost upon him. He died of his injuries as he was being taken into the Bloomsburg Hospital.

—Special Dispatch to The North American.
JAS. S. REIDER.

Deaf Man Related to General Pershing

THE WRITER of this article was born at Deer Park, La Salle County, Illinois, December 3, 1867. He lost his hearing at the age of three years. He was placed in the Iowa School for the Deaf, Council Bluffs, Iowa. His father was traveling freight agent of the Chicago and North-Western Railway in Iowa at that time and moved to Springfield, Ohio, in 1882, where he was appointed chief clerk in the general freight office of the Indiana, Bloomington and Western Railway, now Big Four. In January, 1883, he was sent to the Ohio School for the Deaf, Columbus, where he graduated in 1888. He has lived in Springfield for twenty-nine years with the exception of four and a half years in Dayton, Ohio, and over one year in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where his father was agent of the Santa Fe Railway.

While in Dayton he won third prize for the best essay on Julius Cæsar offered by the Dayton Daily News. There were 100 contestants at that time.

He married Miss Lida Parlette of Xenia, Ohio, July 23, 1896. She is a member of the Red Cross. She is very patriotic and spends her spare moments

knitting for the soldiers. It is quite a coincidence that her birthday and the general's birthday are the same—September 13, 1860. The writer has bought four liberty bonds—all for \$1200. He owns a pretty home at 421 South Belmont Ave. He was a draftsman for 4 years, but is now employed as a drill press hand at the Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co. He is the Secretary of the Springfield Division of the N. F. S. D.

Concerning his ancestry, Mr. Pershing writes:

"I am the proud possessor of the book entitled Family Tree and Biography of three links in the chain of History of Frederick Pershing in America." Its author is Rev. Justus H. Pershing, D.D., a retired minister of the U.B. Church of Greensburg, Penn, but now a Chautauqua lecturer.

Many people who have found that I bear the name Pershing asked me if I was related to General John J. Pershing. The general and I are descended from Frederick Pershing (great-great grandfather) who was born in Alsace, France, now Germany, in 1724, about 3/4 of a mile from the river Rhine. At that time the name was spelled Pfoersching. In French it is silk; in English it is peach. The original Frederick Pershing's four sons changed it to "Pershin," more consistent with the English language, but in 1838 the author's father, Honorable Isaac Pershing

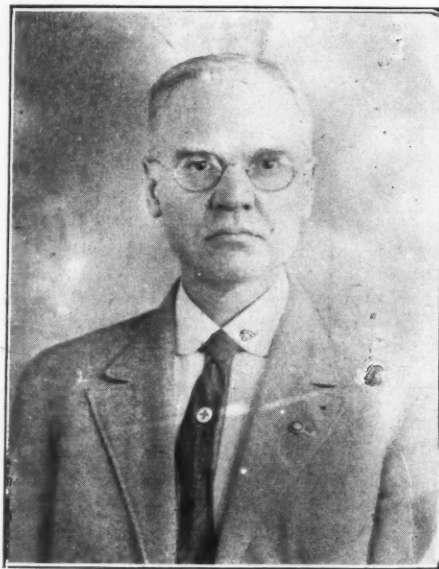
added the letter "g" thus "Pershing." The original Frederick Pershing's ancestors were Huguenots. Montgomery in his United States History, page 112 says: "No better class of emigrants came to America. They represented not only the best bone and sinew, but the best intellect and conscience of France. They brought with them that power and influence which spring not from rank or wealth, but from character." It was through the Huguenot element that France gave her assistance to the colonies during the struggle for liberty under Lafayette.

In early life he acquired the art of weaving coverlets and also making saltpetre and gunpowder. In May, 1749, he came to Baltimore, Maryland, on October 2. About this time he married a lady of that city by the name of Elizabeth Wyant. To them were born five sons and three daughters one of the sons died in the second year. After accumulating sufficient means he purchased a small farm in Frederick County, Maryland. The third son, Daniel, was General Pershing's great grandfather while the fourth son, Conrad, was my great grandfather. So they were brothers. The general's grandfather, Joseph, and my grandfather, Daniel, were first cousins—the general having been named for his grandfather, Joseph and also his father John thus John Joseph Pershing, general of the United States Army, commander-in-chief of the U. S. expeditionary force in France. The general's father, John Fletcher Pershing, and my father, William L. Pershing, were second

cousins. So the general and I are now third cousins.

"The general's father, John F., and my father, William L., were born and reared near Blairsville, Indiana County, Pennsylvania. John F. Pershing, the general's father, went west in 1853 when he was quite young, after his mother's death. He lived in Laclede, Linn County, Missouri, for about 20 years; also in other parts of the west until about 1889 or 1890 he moved to Chicago, Illinois. In Missouri he was a farmer having one thousand and eight hundred acres of fine farming land. In Chicago he entered the dry goods and clothing business. For some years he traveled in the ministry of the M. E. Church. The general and his two brothers graduated from the Hyde Park High School, Chicago and also from the West Point military academy. One brother died from contact with fever and the other was killed in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. The original Frederick Pershing referred to living on his farm in Frederick County, Maryland, took his oldest sons and traveled on foot all the way to the west over the Allegheny Mountains through the almost-impenetrable forest infested with wild animals, which did not daunt his courage and bravery, and reached the head waters of Nine Run (so called because the mouth of the run is nine miles from Fort Ligonier in what is now Unity township, West Moreland County, Pennsylvania) where he took up a tomahawk possession of 269 acres of land four years after William Penn's treaty of peace and purchase from the Iroquois. At one time he came near losing his life in an encounter with a big bear. The marks of the bear's teeth on his rifle can be seen by those living today at a certain Pershing residence in Pennsylvania. At that time there were only four counties in Pennsylvania and neither county seat, State nor National Capital. Fort Ligonier referred to was the nearest trading point four miles distant of which Lieutenant Arthur St. Clair afterwards major-general under General Washington, was placed in command after the campaign against Canada with General Wolfe of the British Army, and remained there until the beginning of the Revolution.

In the Spring of 1774 the original Frederick Pershing returned to Maryland and sold his farm and moved with his whole family to their new home in



J. E. PERSHING

Who is related to General John J. Pershing

the wilderness. At another time they dodged a pack of wolves and thus saved their lives.

About the Indians an incident from the Family Tree book is quoted as saying:—

"The Indians were numerous in the country at that time and committed numerous murders and thefts of horses and cattle, though they were never molested, as it was somewhat secluded and midway from and at the greatest distance from their camps along the rivers of the Conemaugh on the east, and the Young-gheny on the west. The nearest "block house" was

three miles, near where Beatty Station now is. The nearest murder by the Indians was the Mitchell family, in Derrytownship, where all the family were killed except two. One daughter turned a cow trough over herself upon which the Indians walked. One son was taken by the Indians and in three years escaped. Rev. Conrad Pershing, fourth son of the original, was in Captain Campbell's company in 1792, at the time of his last expedition with the Indians. A reconnoitering party found an Indian camp. A council of war was called to decide what to do. It was concluded that at 3 o'clock the next morning the company would steal upon the Indians and slay them before they would arise from sleep.

Rev. Conrad Pershing would not consent to that, as it looked too much like murder in cold blood, and requested Captain Campbell that before that be done, to ask Divine Direction. After some parleying they all knelt upon the ground and he began slowly and quietly; but before he had proceeded very far in his prayer he became louder until they interfered, fearing that the Indians might be aroused. He prayed on and they interfered with his praying by stopping him. At the time appointed the company started for a march of several miles. Just as the gray of the morning was streaking across the eastern sky, they made a rush upon the Indian camp, and, to their glad surprise, the camp was deserted, leaving all their camp equipage. Whether a spy from the Indian camp or his loud praying, caused the Indians to flee is not known. However, it is a matter of history that was the last expedition with the Indians after the burning of Hannastown."

Rev. Conrad Pershing referred to was my great grandfather; also great granduncle of the general. It is needless to say in detail about General John Joseph Pershing's career as a soldier from 1886 to the present time. He is a splendid Indian fighter as well as a peace maker. He is certainly a hero of the wars in the land of Mindanao, in the Phillipine Islands and a figure almost unique in military history. He served through the Geronimo campaigns with distinction.

J. E. PERSHING.

AGRICULTURE FOR THE DEAF

By E. L. SCHETNAN



FROM time to time we see an outburst in the deaf press about some deaf man who has made a success at farming, and rightaway these same papers, then and there, are advising the deaf to go on to a farm and get rich. Some of these same papers are also discussing the matter of establishing an agricultural department at the schools for the deaf, thereby giving the deaf boys the advantage of an agricultural education. There is practically no end to all the good advice these editors have to give their brothers—somewhere else—from giving the kids a full course in botany and laboratory work to that of milking the cows. And while the writer has no objection to such highly scientific knowledge, he is of the opinion that in real life and practice, they would have very little or no use for all that kind of book learning. This world of ours is quite a bit different from that of which we read about in books so, for that matter, much of it might be dropped as practically useless.

What the boys need is a sound practical training with no fancy ideas that never will turn out true. A disappointment in the start might cause a real setback not to say a glamour over the bright picture that was drawn before him while he attended the lectures and demonstrations in the class room, and henceforth knock all ambition out of his head for the high career as a farmer which he was so gayly told of at the school.

It is not my idea to knock out all these suggestions or to make a flat refusal as to the advantage of an agricultural department in our deaf schools, where agriculture is the main occupation of the populace, but, on the contrary, I would like to see every boy from the rural community receive as much practical instruction as possible, so upon graduation he would be able to support himself, and later on a family, from some kind of an agricultural pursuit.

By a practical method I mean one whereby the young man was so prepared that he could go out on a farm and be able to take his place and do any

kind of work that he was assigned without any further demonstration from the farmer. And when he is able to manage and take care of all the modern machinery which is used on every farm now-a-days, he would find out that he had practically little or no use for a purely scientific agricultural education. Our agriculture has made such wonderful leaps forward that a farmer today, to be a successful one, must be a scientist and a mechanic of more than common ability, because almost all his work is performed by machinery, and consequently he must have a thorough knowledge of their working construction. Hundreds if not thousands of dollars are invested in machinery on every farm, and no one can wonder at that the farmer is a little skeptical in having a raw deaf farmer handle these expensive machines without having the assurance that he is able to take good care of them. Therefore a practical training at the school would come so handy in after life—when it is most needed.

From early spring when the farmer starts to clean out his barn till the grain is left at the elevator in the fall, the use of machinery is made to do practically all the work on the farm. He is no longer walking and perspiring behind the plow like our grandfathers did, but is leisurely sitting on either a sulkey or gang plow while four strong horses turn over two to four acres of land a day, or you may find him sitting on one of the modern small tractors with a comfortable sunshade over his head; he is no longer sowing his seed broadcast from a pail, but with a modern grain drill covers twenty acres per day; he does not cut his hay with a scythe, but is sitting on a mower covering from ten to fifteen acres per day; he does not, in the sweat of his brow, pitch hay onto a rack, but use a modern self-loader or a sweep stacker; he need not worry about that all his wheat ripens at the same time, for the self-binder can cover about fifteen acres per day; and when the frost is on the corn, why, he just hitch up the corn binder. The machinery does the work from the early morning till evening, from early spring till late fall; the farmer is just using

his brain in directing the right implements to work at the right time. Save for some garden work, the much talked of hoe of our forefathers, is an almost forgotten implement. Corn, potatoes, beans, etc., are all cultivated by horse cultivators—doing the work much more thoroughly and satisfactory than the old method of spending one's time and energy down on his knees pulling out weeds.

And the deaf boys ought to learn to handle all these machines while at school, for they then would have the time; and opportunity to learn it thoroughly under special guidance by men who were thoroughly familiar in instructing deaf boys along these lines. The "farmer" at the schools for the deaf at present, as far as I understand it, just take care of a couple of horses for the superintendent or keep his auto in running condition, and make a trip to town once a day or so for express matters. He is purely an attendant to the head of the school.

My idea of a farmer at a school for the deaf would be one who had actually demonstrated that he was able to earn his feed—that he could go onto a farm and handle all the necessary machinery to keep it well cultivated, who knew how to handle horses, and be able to demonstrate before the boys the use of each machine so they would be able to go ahead with the work themselves leaving him to supervise the work. If they then got time for laboratory work, it would, of course, be all the better—but it would hardly be needed. And the boys ought by all means learn something about animal husbandry. The raising of colts, calves and pigs are quite an important factor on a farm, in fact one of the very essentials in making farming pay. A drouth, hail or grasshoppers may destroy the grain crop, and it is then the sale of a cow, hog or a horse that come pretty handy to the farmer to straighten out his obligations. We have seen too many failures of pure wheat farming to eliminate the importance of diversified farming.

Farming is no longer a drudgery as it used to be during the days of our forefathers; thanks to modern

machinery it is now a science equal in importance to any profession.

As we are farming here in South Dakota, to which conditions this article is referring, the following outfit would be necessary to make a success of farming from the very start. I am also appending the probable value of each article, and by carefully going over the list one will find that a heap of money is involved in the farming business:

Four 1200 pound mares.....\$600.00

One farm wagon.....	75.00
One sulkey plow.....	35.00
One walking plow.....	20.00
One disc.....	35.00
One binder.....	200.00
One mower.....	60.00
One rake.....	35.00
One corn planter.....	45.00
One grain drill.....	175.00
Four harnesses.....	120.00
One buggy.....	50.00
Five cows.....	400.00

One corn cultivator.....	25.00
One harrow.....	20.00
One cream separator.....	80.00
Hay rack.....	15.00
One corn binder.....	150.00

And my ideal of a school for the deaf teaching agriculture would be one having all the above items with the addition of a 10-20 h. p. tractor and ten pure bred cattle, both items involving approximately \$5,000.00.

FROM THE OLD WORLD

By MDLLE YVONNE PITROIS

(27th letter. After an interim of 18 months)



T the request of Mr. George S. Porter, and the "Silent Worker" being its old self again, I am making my reappearance on its staff of contributors. How many months have elapsed between my 26th old world letter,—that appeared in the issue of July 1916, and this 27th one, that I am writing on New Year Eve., Dec. 31, 1917, and that will not probably appear before February or March, 1918. More than eighteen months of silence! And how many events have filled up these eighteen months! The greatest of all has been the entrance in the greatest of all wars of the great United States, and the coming in France of hundreds of thousands of "Sam-mies," as we popularly call them. Now, with their picturesque brown attire and their large felt hats, they are quite familiar figures in all our towns and villages, even in our Southern France, so very far from the front! We constantly meet them, in bright, laughing little groups of twos or threes, in the streets, in the cars, in the trains, everywhere, and I suppose it is very interesting for hearing people knowing English to follow their animated, brisk chats! Many of these brave soldiers have landed in Bordeaux and many, too, are lodged here. I had once a pencilled conversation with one of them, a rosy-cheeked, baby-faced lad of about 18, who probably wondered why this lady that could write English so fluently did not utter a single word of it, but he was evidently too polite or too shy to dare to ask!! There is a temporary American barrack just at the corner of our street, in a Casino where, centuries ago, (everything previous to the war seems to us centenarian now!) French young men who have since given away their lives on battlefields, gathered for gay dancings and meetings with their sweethearts. On the front door, above the old, and rather derisive inscription "Casino des Lilas," a large star-spangled banner is proudly waving on the dark winter-sky, ennobling the place and making of this common little corner a fragment of Fatherland of far-away America! When I pass by, I always mentally salute the colours, and, as I curiously look at the "boys in brown" patiently watching on guard or gaily pacing under the big porch, I rather sadly wonder how many of them, who have crossed the Big Pond to come to help us in our gigantic struggle, will ever return home! I think, too, of the old fathers and mothers, anxiously, yet bravely waiting the fate of their dear boys, on the other side of the ocean; and I come to think, by a natural tendency, of all my personal, unknown, yet very dear friends in America!

During this year and one-half of suspense, I have received many charming messages from old or new correspondents, specially on the occasion of the Hartford meeting, last July. One of the



Mdlle. Yvonne Pitrois

French delegates, Mr. Edmond Pilet, came to pay me a visit before going on shipboard, and I gave him a hearty hand-shake, telling him to pass it on to my friends he may meet at the Convention. Unfortunately, he saw a very few of them, only Rev. Charles O. Dantzer and Dr. J. Schuyler Long. I think others of my best correspondents (George S. Porter, Francis P. Gibson, Henry L. Stafford) did not come to Hartford, or, had already departed when the Frenchmen arrived. Many of those who were present, however, spoke of me (or rather of my articles) to Mr. Pilet, and I was very pleased and touched to hear, afterwards, how much they like my writings. Though absent, I was so deeply interested in the centenary celebration, for I wrote and published, at about the same time it was held, for the deaf of France, a story of Gallaudet and Laurent Clerc, and was myself fascinated by the details, yet unknown to me, I had to collect in various American papers to compose my sketch. I am glad that we, the French deaf, and the American deaf, stand united in bonds of friendship and that Gal-

laudet and Clerc, these righteous men of by-gone days belonging to our two races have achieved, together, one of the most valuable works of the history of the deaf.

I am glad, too, and grateful, for the splendid movement of generosity which has inspired you to create the French Ambulance Fund, and I thank you with all my heart, in the name of our wounded men, that the de l'Epee ambulance, and the other tutors, will carry on gently, far from the horrors of the battlefields! Yet, dare I tell you my inner thoughts? The hearing are always ready to help the hearing, while there is a mission of brotherly love which no one, except the deaf themselves, can fulfill,—the relief of the deaf victims of the war. There are, in Belgium and France, numerous deaf schools bombarded, burned down, ruined; there are numberless deaf men, women and children, who have lost everything they possessed in the invaded zone, who have spent terrible months, even years, as civil prisoners in the German camps, and are now sent away in France,—in the most awful state of destitution and misery! There are numberless little deaf orphans, boys and girls, whose fathers died tragically "somewhere," and whose mothers are poor, desolate, perhaps ill and discouraged. Now that America is the sister-in-arms of France, will not the American deaf take to heart to help and rescue the French deaf,—thus rendering to them what Clerc did for the silent ones of the New World, a century ago? American towns have adopted French ruined towns, American gentlemen and ladies, churches and societies, have adopted French hearing little orphans and refugees. Well, would it not be splendid if American deaf schools adopted French ruined deaf schools, if American deaf gentlemen and ladies, churches and societies, adopted French deaf little orphans and refugees? A little of material help, and still more, much sympathy and loving interest, would do so much good for the years to come, among so much needs and sorrows, to so many broken hearts!

Dear friends, I only suggest to you the idea, earnestly hoping that it will appeal to some of you, and that these lines—the last ones I write in 1917,—will be a blessing to some of my silent brethren. If any of you wish to follow this inspiration, he may write for further details, either to any school or society for the deaf of France, or to me. I should be happy to put a willing helper in direct touch with one of our sufferers of the war (I know so many sad cases!) even to act as a translator and interpreter, if necessary, thus making once more (to use Mrs. Alice T. Terry's charming words) "America nearer to France. France nearer to America!"

YVONNE PITROIS.

90, rue de Marseilles,
Bordeaux, France.

The only way to be loved, is to be and to appear lovely; to possess and display kindness, benevolence, tenderness; to be free from selfishness and to be alive to the welfare of others.—Jay.

Unless we find repose within ourselves, it is vain to seek it elsewhere.—Hosea Ballou.
Egotists cannot converse, they talk to themselves only.—A. Bronson Alcott.

The less men think, the more they talk.—Montesquieu.
Many can argue, not many converse.—A. Bronson Alcott.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



FTEN and often this column moralized on lectures that are offered as mental food for the deaf, and often and often the fact that tedious and deadly dry stuff has been foisted on a public that uncomplainingly paid to be entertained over and over again only to be bored and bunched. There is one man preeminently fitted for good lecture work, and he is the Reverend John Heiry Keiser of New York. I judge he has made a special study of the art of entertaining a deaf audience, and with his unusual skill as a signer and his wonderful mental equipment, he has made the lecture field peculiarly his own hereabout. In the first place, he has a wonderful knack of taking the every-day, common, or garden sign for a word or thing, and throwing a spotlight on it to illuminate it, as I never saw any one else do. For instance, when a lecturer wishes to register surprise, as they say in the "movies," they imitate the opening of the eyes with the thumb and forefinger, which is expressive in a way, but Mr. Keiser, in his individualistic treatment of signs, takes a step or two, goes through the pantomime of being touched on the shoulder, following it up with the same sort of action any one would perform when his attention was arrested suddenly. The result is that using the sign language, plus expressed emotions pitched in varying keys, he talks as no one else that I have ever seen talk.

But this alone, novel as it is, would not get over as Mr. Keiser puts it over, were it not for the fact that Mr. Keiser thinks and analyzes for himself, and not only that, thinks deep and analyzes thoroughly. Then, added to it is his retentive memory that enables him to prepare a lecture of the highest order, and then occupy an hour and a half with the telling of it, without once referring to a note of any kind.

He has a little trick of rubbing three or four fingers of his right hand over his forehead at ten minute intervals, and, while it may be purely habit, it would seem that he is mesmerizing himself to bring out the next series of thoughts.

Not long ago, he lectured on Ambassador Gerard's book dealing with his four years in Germany, and I went, as I always do when he is announced to occupy the platform, and with a vague fear that the audience would be a frost, as several daily papers had printed the book serially, and a great many had read the book itself, but as usual, the lecture room in the Parish House was filled to its fullest capacity, just as it always is when Mr. Keiser lectures. On Saturday evening, January 19th, to a capacity house the reverend gentleman told what would happen if the Kaiser came to New York. I never saw an audience of deaf people swayed as this one was, and there was none of the usual "whispering," for the man on the platform almost literally had his audience's attention riveted on him, and only when now and then some one turned to his or her neighbor to remark, with horror-stricken face, "awful" or some equivalent, did they turn their heads away. In this go between Keiser and Kaiser, Kaiser had all the worst of it and deservedly.

In the audience, as is always the case, under the circumstances narrated, were a great majority of the most intelligent and refined of New York's deaf populace. They came to be entertained, and they knew they were not going to be disappointed. There are some clergymen, who, when they turn platform entertainers, are still and always the cleric. Mr. Keiser is one whose only suggestion of the cleric when he turns lecturer, is his clerical garb. Another feature of his entertaining, is in his divesting the role of lecturer from all the old-time stunts and struts. No body introduces him to the audience. It is not

necessary. There is rare novelty even in his method of beginning, which is without any formality. When the last chair is filled he walks up to the rostrum, and begins a general conversation after the intimate order that Raymond Hitchcock started by addressing friends in the audience and taking the whole audience into his confidence. The other evening, Mr. Keiser espied a star graduate of Gallaudet College in the audience. Mr. Keiser quaintly expressed pleasure at seeing him present, and then gave a clever imita-



Rev. J. H. Keiser

tion of the way the star Gallaudet, etc., used to make the college dining room two minutes before closing time every morning. The audience enjoyed a good laugh, as did the star graduate. Mr. Keiser then discovered some one else, and remarked on how that some-one else always managed to get his seat right next to that of some good looking young woman. That some-one else, to my personal knowledge, in this instance did not even know the young woman who sat beside him, and, as a matter of fact, he had taken the seat he occupied before she came in, but this did not lessen the audience's enjoyment of his blushes. After some more very airy, but very amusing persiflage, the lecturer hits into his discourse, and during the rest of the evening brings it home to those who have the good fortune to be present, that while deafness robs us of some of the most enjoyable things in life, it also has its compensation in that it is given men like Mr. Keiser rich gifts of mimicry that he, in turn uses to brighten the dark spots in the lives of his fellow deaf. Only a deaf man can use this power in its highest and best sense. Only a deaf man can put over that which he is sure his deaf fellows will not only enjoy, but profit by.

This is one of the very strongest arguments of the principles that I have been pounding and expounding for many years that goes to show that, unusual cases excepted, it is only the deaf man that can best plan for his deaf fellow's welfare and happiness. This does not apply merely to the lecture platform, but to all the activities which are brought into being that bear on the welfare of the Deaf man and woman. Mr. Keiser happens to be an ordained Episcopal clergyman, but he is a great deal more than that. He is a deaf man who knows. More than that, he is a deaf man who can. These are two things that make

him a wonderful power for good. When he is asked to help, in any of the many spheres a man in his station of life is called on for, he only responds as an Episcopal clergyman if it is a member of his church, he is aiding. More than half the calls for his services come from non-members, but this does not alter, an iota, his willingness and his readiness to be of help in all the varied ways a vast deaf populace finds itself in need of. It is in the work that Mr. Keiser and his immediate superior, Rev. John Chamberlain, the Vicar of St. Ann's Church do, that makes St. Ann's more than a church because its works of good are not confined to denominational lines, but are so varied as to make the organization a vast aid to the public good. You may attend any of its several functional activities, and never once be approached for any aid or act that you do not volunteer. You can participate in any of its activities without your motives or purposes being questioned. In any trouble the poorest and most obscure deaf person in the community can go for aid and comfort and help without once telling any hearing person the details; without any semblance of red tape, and without any taint of settlement work that is going to be recorded and published, as part of a great charity work to win dollars and tears from the well-to-do hearing people, and bring down pity and commiseration on the heads of all of us who are deaf, and who, God knows, want no man's pity, and no man's commiseration, for as life's average go, the deaf man is far more capable and more independent than his hearing brother.

Way back in 1891, the publisher of this paper; Mr. Hodgson of the Journal and Dr. T. F. Fox and the writer attended the launching of the Virginia Association of the Deaf, and after adjournment they toured several southern battle fields and finished their Virginia trip at Fortress Monroe, Old Point Comfort, and for some reason which I do not recall, visitors were not admitted to the Fortress. One of the party remembered that his friend Lieut. Peyton C. March of the Artillery was stationed there, so he sent in his card, and very soon the Lieutenant came and made the party his guests for the afternoon, and gave them entertainment they will always remember. In the period intervening, after experiences in the Spanish war that are now thrilling history, and as an observer in the Russo-Chinese War, he is now a Major-General, and second only in prestige to Pershing.

A young man out of a school for the deaf twenty years, who made a brilliant record both in and out of school often spoke with gratitude of the teacher who had done most for him, and it was a matter of constant regret to him that he had never met her since his school days. Very recently chance brought them together, and she remembered him, and then asked him if he read the lips, upon which he informed her not to any extent that it was helpful, whereupon she told him he ought to learn. He was an awfully disappointed man, for in his school days his teacher had been one of the best instructors, and knew the sign language well, and this endeared her all the more to her boys. I don't know that there is any particular moral involved, but it does get on a deaf person's nerve to have a person who can use the language with the best of them, persist in using speech with only a spelled word or sign here and there.

A deaf man, nameless for good reasons now, had profitable employment with a big concern for years and years, but he had a "bee." He wanted the place thrown open to deaf people,

though three others had been tried and could not make good. But he stuck to it, and planned a "Deaf department" of the concern, of which he was to be the head. He let the plan run away with him to the extent of neglecting his own work and trying to float the big idea. When it became an obsession with him to such an extent that it interfered with his usefulness, and bothered department heads until they dropped him. An appeal to the head of the concern brought the information that they could not re-employ him as all the department chiefs objected to him, not at all on account of his deafness but on account of his pernicious activity. He can't find work at all now, and when he gives the name of his former employers as reference, they promptly warn against taking him on. He would deserve a great deal of sympathy if it were not for the fact that his friends warned him over and over to stop bothering his employers and let deaf applicants who wanted jobs there, go in on their own merits. He would not take advice, but flooded the busy chiefs with arguments and made himself objectionable by his very persistence. It is most unfortunate that this man should be a sufferer because of his good intentions toward his fellow deaf, but the lesson, if there is any in it is the good old policy of saying nothing and sawing a very considerable quantity of wood.

Which reminds me that some years ago, a bully good workman, who had but a limited education came to me and asked what the words "wood saw" meant. I did not know what he had reference to, and asked if he did not know what a wood-saw was. He replied to the effect that he did, but this foreman had used it when he complained of some unjust act of a fellow employee, which gave me the cue, and I asked if the foreman had not written "saw wood," which conjecture proved correct, but I had a time of it explaining that "saw wood" meant for him to do his work and tend to his own business.

ALEXANDER L. PACH.

SALARIES SHOULD BE HIGHER

Several deaf men in San Francisco, graduates of this and other schools for the deaf, are working at their trades at \$5, \$6 and even \$7 a day. This is on an equality with the hearing. Wages of labor have risen at a rapid pace, in keeping with the high cost of necessities. Though teaching calls for a high grade of intelligence, the compensation is far below that granted to labor of inferior schooling. This is not a very encouraging outlook for the profession. Naturally the fit will fight shy of entering when labor commands by far the higher wage which insures better living conditions. If there is not a readjustment in the near future education for both the deaf and the hearing will suffer under the second rate teaching material that will then be procurable. Teaching already, in fact, has ceased to be considered a desirable calling. Where are the peers of our teachers of yesterday? True, we have a fair sprinkling of scholars in our school rooms today, but they are very few, and the profession is rapidly filling up with the unfit. This is very evident to any intelligent observer. It is not the fault of the authorities. They are entirely helpless in the matter and simply have to make their choice of the material on the market. The only solution to the problem, which threatens the generations so seriously, is an attractive salary. When this is granted we may look ahead with competent teacher will not be long in discovering brains of the youth of other times and the competent teacher will not be long in discovering this and applying his art with skill to encourage the growth that depends on him for intelligent guidance.—*California News*.

SPRING

The wonders of the springtime are
Extolled in songs and stories.
We plant "congressional" pumpkin seeds
And up pop morning glories! —ANON.

FROM REALMS OF SILENCE

In the December Atlantic, a woman who is herself deaf, discusses the main problems of those who have entirely lost their hearing. There are but few instances of great success in literature, especially in the art of poetry, achieved by the deaf; loss of sight is less of an obstacle.

But we have in southern California a plucky fellow, Howard L. Terry, now 40 years old, a native of Missouri, and shut in by walls of silence since his eleventh year. Still he has farmed, does business, runs a print shop, publishes his own books, and writes things which have a cheerful



HOWARD L. TERRY
The Deaf Poet of California

merit all their own. He spent two years at the famous Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., and he has somehow made his way in life with the help, we add, of an unusually devoted wife, herself a prose writer.

This interesting writer, now of Hollywood, has published three books, "A Voice from the Silence", "The Dream, a Drama", and "California and Other Verses." All are put forth in modest, simple guise, and all have promise of growth as well as many striking lines and poems that bear a second reading. Besides, the spirit which moves in them is modern and progressive.

Mr. Terry sings thus of California:

"Or be it day, or be it night,
By dashing wave, on rocky height,
Midst poppy fields, on desert sand,
My heart is thine, O lovely land."

One brief eloquent poem is addressed to Joaquin Miller, another is on Lake Tahoe, and a third tells about a thoughtful "Night on Mount Lowe".

Such freedom-loving poems as "Peace", "Enlist", "Fires of Brushwood", "Lincoln", "The Titanic", deserve a wider circulation than they have in this little book from the "Palisades Press", Santa Monica.

The longest poem in the book, about 300 lines, is "The Deserted Ships: A Sea-Tale from the West". It has an evil-omened cormorant, sailors three, pirates, a doomed ship and—well, one critic has said that most of it is plain imitation of the "Ancient Mariner". Coleridge's immortal "rime" begins, as all men know:

"It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth the one of three."

The story goes on with rising strength to that wonderful close of
"He prayeth best who loveth best—"

The man does not live who could knowingly imitate or plagiarize anything of this.

In Terry's poem "a rugged western man" says:

"Then sit ye down my sailors three,
And hearken to my tale,
How night and day for leagues away,
Unmanned two ships did sail."

This measure is undoubtedly that of "The Ancient Mariner", and of many other English poems. Add to this Terry's "noxious cormorant", and it is easy to see how the criticism began. But if one will first read Coleridge's poem, and then Terry's lesser one, he will, we think, feel convinced that the latter is no plagiarism. The trouble is that the "atmosphere" of strange, supernatural disaster is much alike in both, as in a thousand other books of prose and verse from Southey to Blackwood. By the way, Southey's long narrative poems resemble Coleridge's more closely than does Terry's. It is also true that William Blake, the mystic, wrote a tragedy, "Edward the Third", and was accused of having stolen most of it from Shakespeare. Richard Garnett, summing up, vindicates Blake while acknowledging his Shakespearean affinities.

"California and Other Verses" is for sale by the author at 50 cents net. Hollywood, California. —Fresno (Cal.) Republican.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO LIBERTY'S STATUE

Oh! Liberty, the pride of our nation,
Thy beams cross the ocean's expanse;
Hope is flashed from thy station,
As our ship plies onward to France.

We bid thee farewell for a while,
Or mayhap we'll ne'er meet again;
But we'll fight on, file on file,
Or die like true God-fearing man.

For we've heard the cry of human want;
We fight for a cause just, and grand;
And nothing can our spirits daunt
'Mids't fire and shell on foreign land.

We'll bear our colors aloft on high—
Those stripes of white, and crimson hue,
And stars a symbol of the sky,
On a wide field of deepest blue!

And then when peace again reigns o'er
Prussian lands beyond the sea,
And her battle-guns heard no more,
We'll return, fair Liberty, to thee.

NELLIE EUGENIE LORIGAN.

The latest report of the French Ambulance Committee, consisting of Dr. Percival Hall, president of Gallaudet College, Messrs. F. H. Hughes and H. D. Drake, instructors there, and Mr. Roy J. Stewart, of Washington city, shows a total of \$2886.13, the result of contributions by the deaf all over the country. Of this amount, sums of \$800 and \$1000 had been set apart for purchase of Ambulances. The purchases were delayed, and in November it was found that cost of transportation had been so reduced that three cars could be procured for the former cost of two. This was done. They have been christened the De l'Epee, Clerc, and Sicard ambulances. \$120 has been forwarded to Mr. John C. Cloud, driver of the first ambulance, for personal expenses for six months. Deducting other small expenses, the sum of \$948.74 remains on hand.—*Michigan Mirror*.

In regard to speech by the deaf people, a foreman of a large shop in Chicago declared that he would not hire a deaf man simply because he could not speak, but because he has skilled hands. "An employe does not work with his mouth. I would sooner have a deaf worker here if he is an expert, and I would not mind going to the trouble of using a pad and pencil," he said.—*Ohio Chronicle*.



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Editors

Alvin E. Pope John P. Walker
George S. Porter Business Manager

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

The visit of the Princeton Class in Social Economics has become an annual event, and it is one that we always look forward to with pleasure. It is a very large section, one that takes the greatest interest in every branch of our work and one that has endeared itself to our little folks by the genial, pleased way in which it moves among us. Its visit this year was an especially pleasurable one to all, and the parting was "sweet sorrow," but that was not the last of it. The first of the month brought with it three beautiful volumes for our library on the fly-leaf of each of which was inscribed "From the Princeton Class in Social Economics as a souvenir of the visit in October, 1917." Could there have been any more beautiful token of their appreciation or any more prized memento of the call? That every year many bring a visit from our big-hearted friends at Princeton is our sincerest wish.

PASTURES NEW

The question as to whether we should continue to occupy our present site or go to a larger acreage in the country has been one that has agitated the Committee on our school ever since our opening in 1883. There were on the one side, the advantages of splendid fire and police protection, of proximity to the great manufactories, art rooms, lectures, state fairs and entertainments of various kinds, numerous trolley-lines and steam-roads, well-paved streets and attractive stores, ease in obtaining teachers and help, and convenience to all markets. In the woods and fields there were the pure, uncontaminated air, the opportunity to raise poultry and cattle and to learn agriculture, and the space that would permit of "the cottage plan." All things have been considered and the conclusion has finally been reached that a suburban situation would be better and that efforts should at once be made looking towards a removal. With this end in view, application has been made

to the legislature for funds sufficient to purchase an available site. Pending action upon this, a question has arisen as to the disposition that should be made of the large park at Washington Crossing on the Delaware, a few miles above, and assemblyman Gill has proposed that a part of it be set aside for the uses of our school.

Referring to the proposition, the Evening Times says, editorially:

"The suggestion that the land purchased for the Washington Crossing Park be used as the site for a new school and home for the deaf mutes, is a good one. For several years it has been realized that a change should be made, and proposed extensions to the plant on Hamilton Avenue have been held back awaiting action of the Legislature and an improvement in state finances.

Instead of selling the one-hundred-acre tract at the crossing the state ought to purchase more land, and it is understood that options have already been taken on farms adjoining the one which the Department of Conservation and Development desires to sell. Farm lands in Mercer County are not likely to be cheaper and the state will probably have use in future for several hundred acres.

Quite recently the state adopted the policy of leasing instead of selling its riparian lands. That policy should be consistently followed; and if it shall be decided to remove the Deaf Mute School to Washington's Crossing, advantage should be taken of the options on additional farms, and a tract secured that will afford abundant room for the school buildings and playgrounds.

A farm and garden where the mutes may be given practical instruction is desirable, and the hundred acres which the Conservation and Development Department has been renting at the rate of a dollar per acre per year, will suffice for the present. The State Board of Education should consider the desirability of moving the Deaf Mute School to the historic spot on the Delaware."

The district around the Crossing is one of the most beautiful anywhere in this part of the state. It is high and rolling and the views in every direction, especially to the northward and westward, are the prettiest imaginable, and, while, perhaps, the very best thing that could come to us at present, would be the appropriation of sufficient funds to purchase the most available site, there are few places that could be chosen that would excel in any way the beautiful spot on the Delaware at Washington Crossing.

WISE FORETHOUGHT

The extreme solicitude of the Board of Education on account of fire-dangers to the school buildings of our state has been a subject of frequent remark. They have had every school-building in the state carefully examined, and every precaution has been taken to make them all as free from danger of conflagration as possible. Our own school is a striking example of this care. The Administration Building has, in addition to its three broad stairways, ample fire escapes, additional fire ladders and fire-extinguishers in every nook and corner. Members of the household have been assigned to each dormitory, to be responsible for the safety of every child in case of fire and an auxiliary fire-alarm has been installed that has the fire department here in seventy seconds.

Dr. Calvin N. Kendall, to supplement the precautions that have already been taken, has sent a communication to all of the school

officials in the state, in which, after declaring that the state cannot afford to take any chance with the lives and safety of children, and that it is better to be over cautious than not cautious enough, emphasizes again the danger of fire and panic among children, resulting from fire or smoke scares during cold weather, and calls attention to the following don'ts:

Don't allow snow or ice to remain on fire escapes.

Don't allow smoke doors, which close off the corridors from the stairs, to remain open. They must be kept closed.

Don't leave furnace or heater room door open.

Don't allow waste paper, ashes or rubbish to accumulate unnecessarily in the basement.

Don't allow shavings to accumulate in manual training rooms. They should be cleaned up and removed every night.

Don't thaw out frozen water pipes with a torch or flame of any kind. Use cloths or rags saturated with hot water.

has sent a communication to all of the school

Don't hook or lock doors leading to fire escapes.

Don't lock exit doors while school is in session.

Don't store floor oils, paints, varnish, raffia or other inflammable materials in closets under stairs. There should be a proper place provided outside the building for such materials.

Don't allow ventilating fans to run in case of fire or fire drill.

Don't use halls or corridors as temporary storage space for boxes or other material.

Too much can scarce be said upon the subject. The recent destruction of two large school houses in West Philadelphia, in rapid succession, and the burning of the main buildings of Vassar College and of the school of the Grey Nuns, the latter with great loss of life, teach us that the danger is a real one and one that cannot be too carefully guarded against.

APPRECIATED

"Portrait," one of our national magazines devoted to art in portraiture, always of sterling merit, came to us in December especially rich in matter bearing upon photography. It does not confine itself, however, to the subject. On the contrary its leading article in this issue is an especially appealing one to every worker engaged in any sort of occupation. It is entitled "Loving one's Work," and it should be read by every handicraftman and business-man who would know what the secret of success in any work is. The especial place of honor in "Portrait" always is the space within the medallion on the title page and this space in the December number is occupied by our old friend Alexander L. Pach. The accompanying note says: "Alexander Pach is now at the head of the Pach Photograph Company, 111 Broadway, Trinity Building, New York, which concern specializes in portraits of men. Among his patrons are to be found many well-known bankers; insurance men and others prominent in the business life of the Wall Street district. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Pach's specialty is photographing men, a great many women are numbered among his clients. Mr. Pach has no fads in photographic ideas, but gives his sitters his personal attention and is very liberal regarding sittings and in the number of plates exposed and proofs submitted. He has found that such liberality brings its reward in good sized orders." We have had experience with Mr. Pach and may say of the writer of the above that he "speaks by the card."

SCHOOL and CITY



The ides of March.

How many valentines did you get?

George Morris was among our visitors on the 22nd.

The new lead-pencil sharpeners are great labor-savers.

Patrick Agnew has a brother somewhere in France.

Miss Brian now has over five hundred objects in her case.

We have not heard from Mr. Butterweck for quite a while.

No one has yet seen a robin on our lawn, but it won't be long now.

The big boys are beginning to regard the baseball field with wistful eyes.

Alfred Shaw retains his proud position as captain of the Baseball team.

Our Girls' basketball team is one of the best we have ever had on our floor.

Mr. Ragna is now engaged in Y. M. C. A. work at a military camp in Florida.

Jessie Casterline is once more among us, as athletic and as smiling as ever.

A little baby bat came into Mr. Sharp's school-room to visit him a few days ago.

The signs of spring are watched with a great deal of interest by our little folks.

Samuel Brosniak has a new camera and is becoming quite an expert photographer.

Ours was one of the schools that kept open every minute in spite of the coal-shortage.

Ruth Ramshaw spent a day at home, last week, attending the obsequies of her brother-in-law.

Frank Madsen reads every scrap he can find in the newspapers and periodicals concerning the war.

We have a return game with the Silent Stars in Philadelphia in March, when things may be different.

Marion Apgar appears to be the only one of our young ladies who aspires to a college course, at present.

Isabella Long, now of Philadelphia, was a visitor on Sunday. The girls were delighted to see her again.

George Birch and Joseph Whalen are both great readers. That means that they will one day be very bright boys.

Our pupils are rapidly getting the swing of the Palmer Method of writing and many promise to become fine penmen.

A recent letter from Jersey City informs us that Mildred Henemeier was recently married to a gentleman from Ohio.

Esther Woelper spends all her leisure knitting for the Red Cross and many of the other girls are not far behind her.

William Felts' uncle Peter and Aunt Ida will spend the next three months at Hot Springs, Arkansas, for their health.

The ambition of Captain Madsen of the Midgets is to win twenty consecutive games. He has already made it eleven.

We are awaiting with a great deal of interest the action of our legislature upon the question of a new site for our school.

Anthony Gronshuski has been transferred from the shoe-making to the baking department, and is making good in the latter.

Viola Savercool's birthday and that of Olga Samkovich both occurred on the same day, the 24th. Viola was fifteen and Olga, thirteen.

All of our red-blooded boys have a schedule of the professional games of baseball during the coming summer tacked away somewhere.

Quite a few of the teachers took advantage of the three consecutive school-less days to visit their homes and they too were happy.

With the disappearance of the bitter weather of the past month or two the rhythm classes have been resumed in the girls' play-room.

In Mr. Gompers' lecture on Sunday evening, he gave a description of the Battalion of Death. His whole talk was much enjoyed by the children.

Speaking of the matrimonial ventures of Henry VIII, Margaret Jackson says:—He did not seem to have much luck, but he did not get discouraged.

The morning lessons have been especially bad in one of the classes during the past two weeks. How do you account for it?

Miss Wright, Miss Wrigley and Mrs. Kane's classes are doing good work in the period they now have each week in the scientific Repairs room.

The girls have not yet ceased to regret the failure of Lillian Leaming, Edith Tussey and Peggy Renton to return after their Christmas holiday.

The February thaw came as a blessing to us all, dispelling as it did, in a very few days, the frigid temperature and all the big accumulation of snow.

It has been a fierce winter hereabout and we are all singing:

Come, gentle spring,
Ethereal mildness, come.

Theresa Leitner, Maria Cassamassa and Hazel Carrigan were all made very happy, on Monday, by the permission which was given them to remain up to study hour.

As a matter of choice we are not greatly impressed with meatless and wheatless days, but in so far as they help the boys "over there" we are glad to observe them.

The kindness of the teachers of the advanced classes in relieving those in charge of the younger children of a period each week is greatly appreciated by the latter.

Mrs. Pope has a large knitting class composed of the girls in the advanced classes. They have proved apt pupils, and are already piling up quite a lot of comforts for the boys at the front.

February, though short in the number of its days, is notable in this that it contains the birthdays of Lincoln, Washington and Edward Miner Gallaudet, to say nothing of St. Valentine's day.

* The last letter that Philip Hughes received from his mother stated that she was rapidly recovering from the attack of rheumatism of which she has been a victim for now upwards of two years.

The visitors from Philadelphia on Washington's Birthday were:—Earl Dugan, Axel Orberg, Hugh Cusack, Robert Robinson, Russel Berkhmer, Lawrence Collier, George King, and James Jennings.

Catherine Tierney's mother had her leg broken by a fall on the ice, a few weeks ago. There never were so many broken bones, caused by falls on the ice, as there have been during the past winter.

Mr. Pope has been attending the big educational convention in Atlantic City during the past week, and we certainly did miss him. We trust it may be a long time ere he is called away again even for a day.

A happy little party consisting of Ruth Ramshaw, Marion Apgar, Jessie Casterline, May Lotz, Anna Robinson, Isabella Long and Miss Bergen attended the performance at the State St. Theatre on Saturday evening.

Monday was a read-letter day for both Miss Cornelius and Miss Fitzpatrick, each receiving a present exactly to her taste. Miss Cornelius was the recipient of two big carnations and Miss Fitzpatrick of a fresh-laid egg.

Miss Hall's pupils visited her on Friday, and were glad to find that she had picked up wonderfully during her brief vacation. She is not, however, quite strong enough to resume her duties at present; but will have to have a little further time for recuperation.

The solicitude of the girls concerning Katie Brigante was dispelled by her unexpected arrival on the afternoon of the 25th. She reported complete recovery from her recent indisposition and it was difficult to tell which were the more delighted, she or her old school-mates.

While James Thomson was looking at a moving picture show the other day, suddenly he saw a man with a basket and upon the basket was this sign: "When passing Thomson's, stop in and see the new model butter-kist popcorn machine in operation, also fresh-roasted peanuts daily."

Mr. Montgomery Moses, the genial manager of the Trent Theatre, never forgets us when there is a good picture at his house. The screen presentation this week of "Les Miserables" was no exception, and we spent Tuesday afternoon as his guests. Nor were we wholly unmindful that there was a reciprocal obligation that we should not overlook. We took with us a big, beautiful bunch of roses and carnations, which Helen Hewitt presented, and everybody was happy.

Washington's Birthday was never more thoroughly enjoyed than this year. First and best of all, we had a full holiday, instead of just a half day, like we had last year. The morning was devoted to plays and games, the dinner was one that was not characterized by enough conservation to mar it much, the afternoon brought us a game between our first team and the Silent Stars of Philadelphia, which proved to be one of the best of the season, and seven reels of pictures concluded a well nigh perfect day.

THE SILENT WORKER

"SOMEWHERE OVERHERE"

January 23, 1918.

Dear "Boss":—Well, nothing to do this evening so I think I'll drop you a few lines. There are plenty of books and daily papers for us to pass the time away, but we have to read law and the Farmer news from morn till night and don't feel like reading as our domes need a rest, so we spend our nights on something else and hope you will enjoy this little missive from Coopville.

Well, what do you think of us two boys? * *



FRED D. CIAMPAGLIA

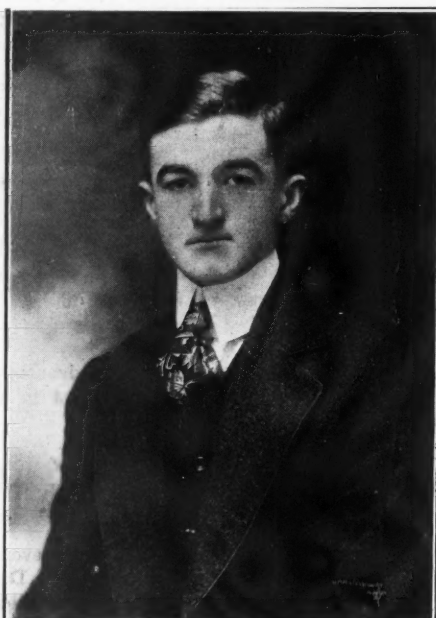
We don't work incessantly but take a rest at intervals and start some fun. We give the remainder of the fifteen op's a chance to see moving pictures and learn how to raise an upper lip. We tried everything from A to Z to get fired but the boss holds us so tight that it looks like a life job if we don't run away. You don't really know what kind of printers,—especially the lino—we are now. Why, we could be qualified for a berth with the New York Journal. The boss never saw such clean and fast work performed by kids and we wonder how we could get away. The Garfield order is upon us and we'll have to loaf around on the additional Sundays and besides we'll have to make that lost day up by working on Tuesdays and Thursdays until the order expires. Think of the bonuses we get. Oh, boy, 25¢ per galley, with a big pica slug of 13 picas and 11 point matrices. One galley is twenty inches and we make about eight galleys for the three hours of one night's work. Over at the school, we got many advices and such stories as "BUT the WORLD is DIFFERENT." Oh, yes, how different. I never thought the world to be so kind and easy and almost faint on Saturday nights and feel quite nervous when the envelope comes out of the window. Such a kind different world to give us money. In so short a space of time, what kind of linotype work do we know at present? It's law, newspapers, magazines, advertisements and telephone directory. I guess the Arthur H. Crist Co. is the busiest and most prominent printery in New York State. If you call all this news "jokes," or something like that, just drop a little note to the boss, Mr. Crist, and he'll tell you what two "dummies" are doing for him.

This burg is so dead, that we had to confine ourselves to our comfortable million dollar room. Darn the weatherman,—does he expect us to swim to and from work in the snow. The north pole has nothing on this town. We have forgotten what dirt or grass looks like and the eternal snow is till falling as thick as ever. It's about

five feet already and guess Garfield ought to give "Old Sol" an exception, so that it can keep the town warmer. Not a soul is seen outside.

We don't want to tell you about our grub. It's fit only for millionaires, and if we tell you, you would envy us. But we'll let you know that the girl who waits on us is a peach. The mother is a "grammar" to us.

We don't think our kid days are passed yet, so we drop in the gymnasium three times per week and show the rubes a few points in the art



FRANK W. HOPPAUGH

of basketball and how to knock the opponents around. The Cooperstown Crescents—a composition of a trio of husky rubes and two dummies—always draw a full house at the Village Hall and annexed thirteen victories. There is one movie house which is good for us for Sautrday nights. Not a chance to be lonesome. We need more time so as to fill up all our plans. But we are so lonesome for news from our Alma Mater and wish the Worker came every week. How we crave for news from New Jersey!

Say, boss, slip us an earful. You have a lot to say, but you make it so short that we only read it a second. Tell us about your boys and how they are getting along. * * * *

There is the print-shop where opportunity waits for those who are willing to make good use of it. We realized it and had to plug along to put us where we are.

Listen, boss, we have just finished compiling our farewell message to our respective linotypes.

We hope to leave sometime in the Spring and will find time to drop in and see you. We've longed so much to visit the school and can't forget the happy days.

This is all we have to say tonight and hope you enjoy the letter.

Our best regards to you, your spouse and all.

From your pals,

CIAMP., HOP. & CO.

Here's our farewell message:

GOOD OL' M'S 5—8

Being a sorrowful farewell to our linotypes which doesn't deserve endearing words but we're all sentimental at times and we wish them luck and that we may have the good fortune to find it gone should we return some day in the future.

Listen, ol' pals o'mine, the hours we spent with thee, have caused us many tears of brine; and cuss words used endearingly. The months have been a nightmare, yea, a horror; and nights are broken fitfully; to have a haunting fear of the tomorrow, with you awaiting sinisterly. The spacbeands

travel down the "e" channel, the mats won't come, or come transposed—"ye Gods!" Our anger rises, and we murmur, H—; or words to that effect in plenteous gobs. But don't you know we love you just the same, you're palyful in your moods and not real bad; we'd hate to think we'd ne'er see you again, (we only wish we never, never had!) So farewell, honey, you've been true we're sure; we hope your next mate loves you just as much; we'll think of you when wandering shore to shore, (Delaware to Hudson) from Trenton to New York to Cooperstown. We homeward plod our weary way. Did we say weary; yes, because of you. But never fear, we'll sure return some day; and you'll arouse from lethargy, so blue; and greet us cheerily, we know you will, and liven up and we'll start o'er again, but don't start notlin,' bud, until we learn your moods to doctor you in pain. The sunshine and the birds will cease to cheer, oh, well, let's do it gracefully; our hands, 5's—8's, you've been a dear; last June was our last until—eventually.

FRED D. CIAMPAGLIA.

FRANK W. HOPPAUGH,

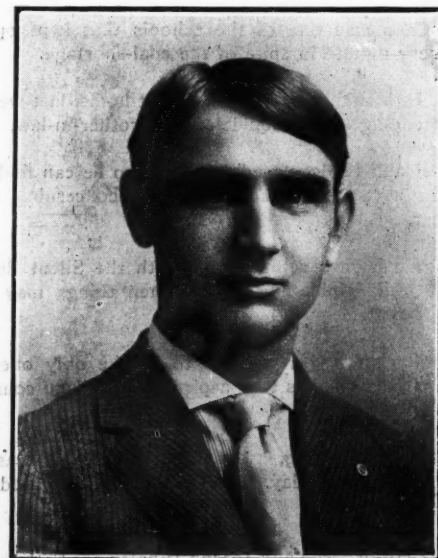
[We take pleasure in printing the above letter from two of our boys because of its humorous nature. After taking a post-graduate course in the printing department of our school they secured employment almost as soon as they graduated and judging from the tone of their letters they are "making good."—G. S. PORTER.]

A NATIONAL PRAYER

O God of Justice, give us men,
Not little souls of narrow ken—
But big, strong hearted, free.
Not traitors to the people's cause.
Nor those who seek for vain applause,
But men who strive for righteous laws,
With right, their only plea.

O God of Nations mould this land,
That we may work Thy high command,
A nation, with one voice,
Fuse all these races to a whole,
That shall full Liberty extol,
Till peace is throned from pole to pole,
And earth again rejoice.

—Minneapolis Journal.



W. D. STOCKER

A former pupil of the New Jersey School and a successful linotype operator in Paterson, has just presented the printing department of the school with a copy of "Printing for the School and Shop," as a mark of appreciation for what he gained while in school. It is hardly necessary to say that the boys appreciate the gift, especially because the book in question is one of the best text books on printing ever compiled.

EASTERTIDE

Pure as the lillies fair,
Soft as the balmy air,
Thy spirit wings,
And with its clings—
A peace,—beyond compare!

Oh! gentle Eastertide,
Decked as befits a bride—
With flowers rare,
It's thine to bear
Hope, lo the world, so wide!

Hope that our Saviour's love,
Who shields each little dove,
May guide our feet,
Until we meet
In far off realms above!

A trust that we may see
Each loved one at His knee:
From each fond heart
No more to part,
In blissful harmony.

A joy that Christ is free
From pain, and misery,
Who paved the way,
That none might stray,
From truth, and charity!

Hark! the anthem ringing!
Oh! hear those voices singing
From far, and wide,
Eastertide, Eastertide,
Thou art gladness bringing!
NELLIE EUGENIA LORIGAN

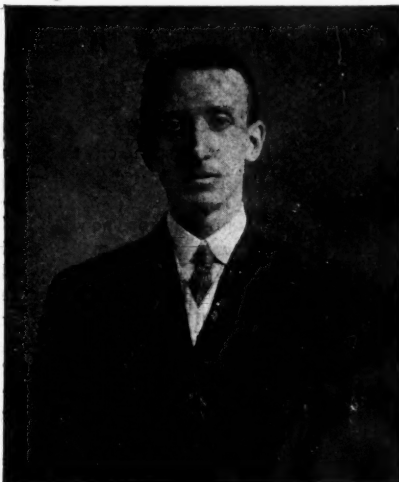


ALEXANDER L. PACH

The well-known Photographer of 111 Broadway, New York, whose portrait recently appeared on first page cover of Portrait, published by the Ansco Company of Binghamton, N. Y., ranking him among the leading photographers in this country.

Miss Elizabeth S. Maclaire wishes to announce that her brother Aaron Scott Maclaire, M.D. has been graduated from The College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, on February 19, 1918, and has received his degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Her brother has also enlisted in The Medical Dep't of the U. S. A. He has been furloughed back to complete his hospital education at the Polyclinic Hospital. On entering active service, he is to receive his commission as First Lieutenant.



J. H. McFARLANE

THE L. P. F. REUNION

Read at the Banquet of Editors at Hartford,
July third.

August reflectors of the awful now,
In distance-bridging print we've often met;
There sampled one another's punch
With verbal viands hard to munch—
But here, where buried by-gones we forget,
To you, as scribes, with all the world, I bow!

The bard of ancient banquet halls,
Where song flowed free as sparkling wine,
Whose note Parnassian never palls,
Had no such ponderous task as mine;
For he, at best, had kings as auditors,
While I must face the mighty editors!

Away with fantasies—
You're not as awe-inspiring as your names!
For man is ever just plain man,
Especially the American,
Whose thunderous tone a simple menu tames—
Your names, what incongruities!

For he who sits the smallest
Among his brothers at this festive board,
On paper looms the biggest one—
His belching editorial gun
And ever-ready slashing sword
Would make him out the tallest!

Here flash broad smiles from brothers
Whose hearts and shoulders amply fill their place—
Of kindly wit and curt retort
Who ever knew them to be short?
But in their editorial space
Their bigness often smothers.

Here are no cringing slackers;
For, first of all, the pen-brigade was drafted
That, since the war began, have hurled
Their verbal missiles 'round the world,
And Freedom's thrilling strains have wafted
As Uncle Sam's chief backers!

And yet there is a shyness
About the editorial brigade,
Of forces all, the only one
That awed the great Napoleon—
A paradox that they should be afraid
Who quail not at such highness!

Then let us spurn the yellow,
Nor hide behind a weakly neutral sheet.
When conscience bids up speak out strong
Against the ever-plotting wrong,
Not leaving victory or defeat
To that vague other fellow.

The sentiments we here imbibe,
Though some may soar beyond our ken,
Brave thoughts to which our souls subscribe,
May stimulate our lagging pen;
May haply put in tune our listless keys
And help us strike therefrom new melodies!

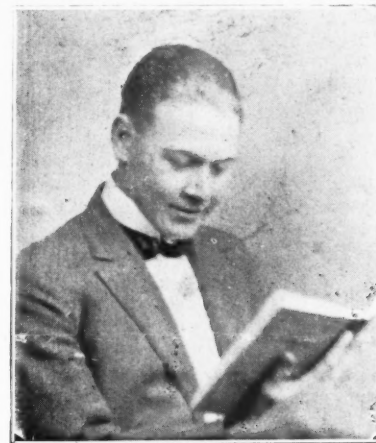
Our little family, may it keep on growing
In beneficial spirit and in size!
Improve in dress,
Shun emptiness—
And may we often thus renew our ties
With youthful cheer and humor overflowing!
—J. H. McFarlane.

GENERAL PERSHING WAS GOOD TO
A DEAF MUTE

Mr. John Chowins has recently rounded out his thirtieth year as master mechanic in the Department of Physics at the University of Neb. Thirty-one years ago he came from England and settled in Lincoln with a hearing brother. The university being short a mechanic, took Mr. Chowins on trial, and he has kept his position ever since. His shop is a very pleasant, and withal a most interesting place to visit. In all these thirty years students came and students went, but Mr. Chowins stayed on. He is familiarly known as Jack. He is indeed jack of all trades and master of them all.

Mr. Chowins tells with pardonable pride of his acquaintance with General Pershing. This great man was commandant at the University of Nebraska some twenty years ago. Did the guns need repairing; he would insist on Jack Chowins doing it. Oftimes his shop looked like a gun factory. After a couple of years Pershing left the university, and went on his way to greatness.

Some years ago Mr. Chowins met him on the street, and when Pershing saw him, out went his hand for a handshake and a pat on the back. This incident has warmed the cockles of Mr. Chowins' heart ever since, and he says that President Wilson could not have chosen a better man than Pershing to take care of the affairs over there for us. Hooray for Pershing!—Nebraska Cor. Journal.



WILLIAM N. LLEWELLYN—age 19

Gunner, Fort McArthur, San Pedro, California. California National Guard Company No. 10. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Llewellyn, of Los Angeles, California.



Mrs. Alfred J. Owen, nee Adeline Harden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Harden of St. Louis. Mr. Owen is a gunner in the U. S. Navy, formerly on the battleship Wyoming, more recently on one of the converted German Cruisers. Mrs. Owen accompanied her husband to New York so as to be near him when he had shore leave. She is now bookkeeper and office assistant at the New York (Fanwood Institution for the Deaf.) Mr. Owen joined the Navy before the outbreak of the war.

NADFRATITIES

By J. FREDERICK MEAGHER

"Right now I can place half a dozen deaf girls as billing clerks starting at \$15 to \$18 per week," said Mrs. Luella F. Nyhus, head of the Division for the Deaf in the Minnesota State Department of Labor, on the occasion of my recent call on her office in the State Capitol. "It only takes four to six months to train a girl in the work of a billing clerk; it is work the deaf can perform satisfactorily and has the added advantage of permanency. State schools should certainly add this to their list of trades taught."

"Is that the only branch of office work the deaf can master?" I courteously inquired.

"By no means," Mrs. Nyhus spelled briskly, with a sunny winsome smile. "Take the case of twenty-two years old Florence Waters. She was not very promising material, but I used her to expiriment on—on the hypothesis that if she could make good in a business office, deaf girls of greater gifts could do likewise. A year ago I placed her as a learner on the comptometer at \$10 a week. Today she makes \$22 per, and her firm has asked for more deaf operators."

"Then there is Miss Mollie Erb, a graduate of the Rochester School. She spent two weeks here in this office learning to operate a multigraph machine, then started in a business office at \$9 per, soon after being raised to \$12. Later I was coaching a deaf boy for the Civil Service examinations at the Public Library, but just before the date set he lost his nerve and declined to take the examination. As I had arranged for a deaf person to take the examinations for the honor of the Bureau I persuaded Miss Erb to try in his place and, she passed with high rank, being promptly engaged for typist at the Minneapolis public library at a salary to start—I believe—of \$60 a month. This is a permanent position, carrying a nice vacation with full pay which she spends at the home of her father, a doctor in New York State. Made good? The head of her department tells me she is the most reliable typist he has."

"Then you feel your Bureau is a good investment for the State?" I parried, with an eye for details to be used in an appeal to Congress to pass the measure (H. R. 244) establishing a similiar Bureau in the National capital.

"Let the results speak for themselves," she quietly said. "Here is a table showing I have secured permanent places for 58 deaf people the past year, as follows:

Laborers	12	House work	3
Machine operators	11	Typist	3
Cabinet makers	6	Engravers	2
Printing trades	7	Book-binder	1
Bakers	5	Foundry	1
Seamstress	5		—
		Total	58

...

"Further I collected facts and figures showing but five industrial accidents happened to the 630 adult deaf of Minnesota last year. The average wage for deaf men is \$15, of deaf women \$11—but little below the average weekly wage of the hearing. This does not include the incomes of our wealthy deaf citizens, such as Schroeder, Spear, Washburn, Howard, Hodgman, etc. We have 310 deaf children in the state, and like your own state of Washington none of them have deaf parents: let the Eugenists dispute this fact if they can."

"What is your greatest drawback?" I ventured.

"Drawback?" and her face darkened. "You noticed that well-dressed, intelligent looking man I just sent out with a letter to a firm near here? Well, he is a fair sample of the (drawback)—by actual count he has had exactly seven jobs in the past six weeks, and can't, or won't, (?) keep one. He seems to think it the duty of the State to furnish him a livelihood, and every employer I send him to will make a mental notation that the deaf are undesirable

employees, basing that conclusion on this man's record. Sometimes it almost makes me mad enough to cry."

Mrs. Nyhus and her predecessor, now Mrs. Jay Cooke Howard of Duluth, have both made enviable records. The good work they have done can well be duplicated by the proposed Bureau for the Deaf and Dumb in the Department of Labor at Washington, D. C. Every reader of this magazine owes it to himself, or herself, and to his or her fellow-citizens to write AT ONCE to the Congressman from their district, urging immediate passage of the measure known as "H. R. 244."

Are you a Nad? Have you written to your Congressman? If not, why not?

In an article on "The First American French Newspaper, on page 37 of the Red Cross Magazine, a brilliant advertisement is reproduced—the brain-work of our John K. Cloud:

BE PREPARED

To Receive the
CROIX DE GUERRE
MEDAILLE MILITAIRE
YOU MUST BE BRIGHT!

Have your Belts and Buttons Shined by
CLOUD—Tent "A."

Cloud belonged to Section 63 in the Verdun Sector. He is now in Section 1 at the Italian Front. The N. Y. Times of January 13 had a view of the first American Red Cross Ambulance drivers to reach Italy—John being plainly discernable as the fourth in the line from the left. These first arrivals had considerable honors shown them, and moving pictures of the affair will be shown anon.

Later—Word has just come that John Cloud is now driving the "deaf ambulance" at the Italian front, after serving for several months in the Verdun sector and later for a short time at the Red Cross Headquarters in Paris.

The Red Cross service in France was militarized upon the arrival of General Pershing and the original plan to have the three ambulances, donated by the deaf, serve on French soil had to be abandoned. The three ambulances mentioned will later see service in Italy, possibly in a French unit.

...

The Charles Thompson Memorial Clubhouse in St. Paul has already been sufficiently described in this magazine, and in others, so needs no further comment. The question always occurring to me, however, was: "Is it practical; will it work; or like so many other glorious dreams concerning the deaf is it bound to be a bone of discord and a disappointment."

My visit to the Twin Cities convinced me it is all that its generous doner intended.

The deaf themselves had to outfit it complete, and they have made it as luxurious as a millionaire's club. A grand donation party recently cleared \$108, which paid the final installment on the furnishings not already furnished. Among the latter Cadwalader Washburn, the world famed etcher, presented six framed etchings, valued at \$550. Hodgman presented a \$150 grandfather's clock. Miss Carrie Brown gave a set of handsome wicker furniture worth at least \$100. Anton Schroeder gave a complete set of silverware for use at parties. A brother of Charles Thompson presented the clubhouse with a \$250 moving picture projector and other appliances. Various smaller donations ran well into the hundreds. Saturday and Sunday nights are always gala nights at the "Club," everybody being welcomed. Social life? Why, between last September and my visit early in December there were eight marriages among the Twin City deaf.

God send us more generous benefactors like Mrs. Charles Thompson.

...

All Nads and Frats are sure to find
In majestic St. Paul
Warm welcome from the wintry wind
That howls around the Hall.
"Cheer Up." This watchword takes its place
On every brightly-beaming face
While happy hours speed by space
And peace reigns over all.

...

George Fromm, of Portland, Oregon, recently gave his purse containing \$244, which he had saved to be married in June, to a hearing friend while playing basketball. The hearing friend promised to him.

Keep it—and did. Detectives are still searching for One of the Frats is in France?

No joke at all, I assure you; one of the members of Brooklyn Division No. 23 is a private in France with the American expeditionary force. His hearing improved so much he applied for enlistment and was accepted. "The Frat" for March has a photo of brother Thomas J. Murphy, Co. C, 23d Infantry, with an article thereon.

...

WE HEAR—

That this is how the temper-amental Nad-Frats of Chicago keep their tempers warm during sub-zero blizzards.

Ward Small keeps warm by adding up the totals of of his beautiful wife's dressmaker and millinery bills.

Charles Loughran by feverishly figuring how much he saves through remaining single. He states the idiot who poses as authority for the statement that "two can live as cheaply as one" is an unmitigated falsifier.

George Schriver by working overtime in his father's mammoth laundry whenever there is a social event on the boards.

Bert Maierhoffer by explaining at length how string beans in his garden patch can be Burbankerized on watermelon vines.

Dave Padrowsky, alias "Paddy the Printer," by pumping the foot pedal of an old printing press.

Arthur Hinch by rehearsing for the Silent Athletic Club Vaudeville entertainment.

Paul Belling by playing Kelly-pool—catch-as-catch-can style.

Louis Newman by studying the latest editions of "How to Grow Fat."

Edward Carlson by tailoring for Nad-Frats in his spare time—to his great financial profit.

Frederick Curtiss gets warm around the collar every time he reads his gas meter.

Harrison Leiter gets warm (then warmer) every time he drops a bowling ball on his pet corn.

Charles Friday keeps warm by controlling his temper—if he has any.

Jamison Hawkins gets warm whenever anyone tells a Ford joke.

Abe Rossow is usually warm—especially when someone shows four deuces and the joker while all Abe holds is a royal flush.

Anton Novotny gets warm whenever the president appoints a committee of which he is not named a member.

Izzy Newman gets warm whenever anyone mentions the Kaiser.

Harry Cupps gets warm on all and sundry occasions.

The Nadfratities man keeps warm by patiently explaining just why the name of this or that prominent Nad-Frat can not be run in this column every issue, regularly.

We hear so.

But, zowie, Chicago is so cold (this has no reference to the hospitality) that perhaps our hearing is in need of a plumber to thaw it out.

AMERICANS

By WALTER TRUMBULL

Some from a place of ice and snow,
From sunshine country some,
And mountains high and valleys low
The years have seen them come.
Strangers from every clime and land,
Each eager for the day
When liberty, her torch in hand,
Should light them on their way.

English and Irish, Dutch and Dane,
Italian, French and Swede,
And men of Scotland, Greece and Spain,
Of every race and creed,
Have entered in the open door
And found their welcome glad,
But now each man must pay the score
For that which he has had.

The country calls them each by name,
And each must spring to go;
White hot within war's lambent flame
The melting pot's aglow.
Each one contributes of his best,
There is no sect nor clan,
But each emerges with the rest
A true American.

Each strikes for one, one strikes for all,
One country and one creed;
The false and the unjust must fall,
The true and right succeed.
Shoulder to shoulder they will fight,
Across the ocean's foam,
And liberty shall shed her light
To guide them safely home.

OVER THERE

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run;
Hear them calling you and me,
Every son of liberty.
Hurry right away, no delay, go to-day;
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad;
Tell your mother not to pine;
To be proud her boy's in line.

Johnnie get your gun, get your gun, get your gun;
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run;
Hoist the flag and let her fly;
Yankee Doodle do or die.
Pack your little kit, show your grit, do your bit;
Yankees to the ranks from the towns and the tanks,
Make your mother proud of you
And the old Red White and Blue.

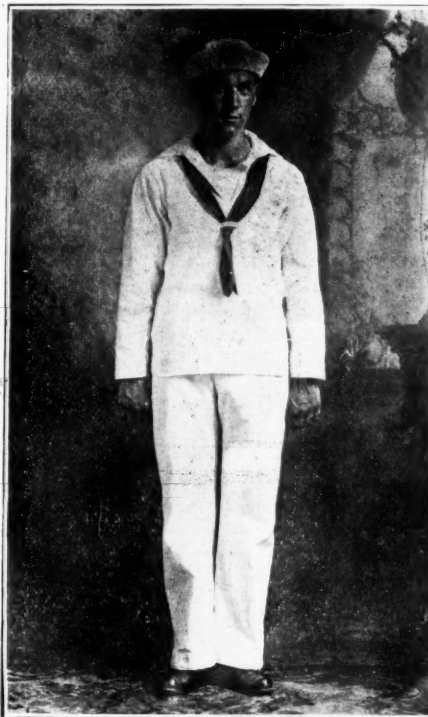
CHORUS

Over there—over there—
Send the word, send the word over there—
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere—
So prepare—say a pray'r—
Send the word, send the word to beware—
We'll be over, we're coming over
And we won't come back till it's over over there.

SONS OF DEAF MEN SUCCEED THEIR FATHERS WHO WERE FOUNDERS OF SCHOOLS

The superintendent of the South Dakota School is Mr. Simpson, a son of its founder, the late James Simpson. The head of the Malone School Mr. Edward Rider is a son of the founder of the school, H. C. Rider. Here are two instances where deaf superintendents have passed the schools established by them on to their sons.—*Kentucky Standard*.

Men cannot be well educated without the Bible. It ought, therefore, to hold the chief place in every situation of learning throughout Christendom; and I do not know of a higher service that could be rendered to this republic than the bringing about this desirable result.—*Dr. Nutt*.



Alfred L. Harden, machinists mate U. S. Aviation Corps, Pensacola, Florida, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Harden of St. Louis. Last July young Harden joined a party of bathers and has not been seen since. The Commandant in reporting the boy's disappearance expressed it as his belief that he had been drowned.



Edward F., son of Benjamin Elk'n, is on the U. S. S. North Dakota. Edward enlisted in the Navy November, 1916, and after a thorough training he was sent to the U. S. S. North Dakota.

SPY SUSPECT IS RELEASED

Caldwell, Texas, Nov. 27.—The deaf-mute arrested yesterday as a German spy was released this morning. He was ragged and dirty and was mingling with the Italians in the Brazos bottom, near the H. and T. C. bridge, of which he had a complete drawing when arrested. He had lots of other dope written in a code of some kind. He was thought to be a German spy, but has been identified as a mute and his nationality is believed to be English. It has been demonstrated that he was up to no mischief.—*Houston Chronicle*.

WANTED

For the ordnance department of the army to serve in the United States.

Thousands of workers are urgently needed in the prosecution of the war. The actual fighting forces would be powerless without an efficient civilian army behind them.

It is your duty to serve the government, and at once.

Clerical Positions

2,000 stenographers and typewriters, men and women, \$1,100 to 1,200 a year.
2,000 typewriter operators, men and women, \$1,100 to \$1,200 a year.
2,000 general clerks, men and women, \$1,100 a year.
500 index and catalogue clerks, men and women, \$1,100 to 1,200 a year.
200 clerks qualified in business administration, \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year.
300 schedule clerks, men and women, \$1,400 to \$1,600 a year.
300 production clerks, not more than \$1,500 a year.
200 clerks qualified in statistics or accounting, \$1,100 to \$1,800 a year.
100 statisticians, \$1,800 a year.
100 multigraph operators, men and women, \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year.

Testing Positions

200 engineers of tests of ordnance material, \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
200 assistant engineers of tests of ordnance material, \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year.

Mechanical Trades Positions

2,500 machinists, \$4.00 a day.
500 machine operators, \$2.75 a day.
200 drop forgers, \$5.75 a day (piecework).
Large numbers in practically all other trades.

Drafting Positions

500 mechanical draftsmen, \$800 to 1,800 a year.
50 gauge designers, \$2,000 to 3,000 a year.
100 apprentice draftsmen, \$480 a year.

Inspection Positions

300 inspectors of small-arms ammunition, \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
100 inspectors of artillery ammunition (high-explosive shell loading), \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
100 inspectors of artillery ammunition (forgings), \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
100 inspectors of artillery ammunition (ballistics), \$1,500 to 2,400 a year.
300 inspectors of field artillery ammunition steel, \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
300 assistant inspectors of field artillery ammunition steel, \$3.50 to \$5.00 a day.
500 inspectors of small arms \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
100 inspectors of material for small arms, \$1,000 to \$1,800 a year.
100 assistant inspectors of cannon forgings, \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
100 assistant inspectors of finished machine parts, \$1,500 to \$2,400 a year.
100 assistant inspectors of gunfire control instruments, \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year.
50 assistant inspectors of steel helmets, \$1,000 to \$1,800 a year.
50 assistant inspectors of cleaning and preserving materials, \$1,000 to \$1,800 a year.
400 inspectors and assistant inspectors of powder and explosives, \$1,400 to \$2,400 a year.

Salaries named are the usual salaries at entrance. Higher or lower initial salaries may be paid in exceptional cases. Positions paying salaries higher than those named are usually filled through promotion.

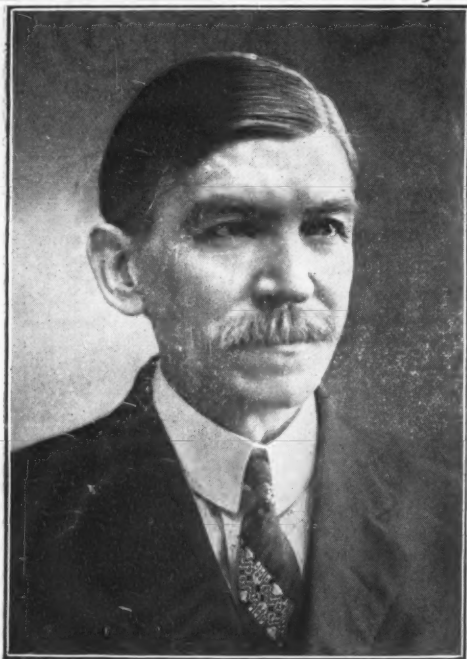
Men only, unless otherwise specified.

For further information apply to the representative of the United States Civil Service Commission at the post office or customhouse in any city, or to the Civil Commission in Washington, D. C. Except for the positions of stenographer and typewriter, typewriter operator, multigraph operator, and general clerk, applicants are not assembled for a written examination, but are rated principally upon their education, training, and experience, as shown by their applications and corroborative evidence.

JOHN A. McILHENNY,
President, U. S. Civil Service Commission,
Washington, D. C.

A DEAF M.D.

Though the "Dr." prefixed to his name is understood to be a courtesy or honorary title, and not regularly granted by diploma, Dr. Edward C. Campbell, of Birmingham, Alabama, appears to bear the



Dr. Edward C. Campbell

title worthily. He is proprietor and manager of a sulphur steam bath establishment that is reliably reported to have cured hundreds who had failed to obtain relief from the regular practice or in any other way. The treatment was originated by himself. The establishment was transferred from Mobile six years ago, and has enjoyed a vigorous, healthy growth.

Dr. Campbell has recently done the only possible thing to better his condition. He has taken unto himself a bride, Miss Amy Kilgore, one of the famous Gallaudet Kilgore sisters.

By the way, the marriage of Miss Willie Kilgore, her sister, to William E. Dudley, Gallaudet, '96, of the Dudley engineering company, prominent in Mexican railway building, was announced in the fall.—*Michigan Mirror*.



Miss Ruth Violet Colby

Mrs. Collins C. Colby, 476 Cadillac Ave., Detroit, Michigan, announces the marriage of her youngest daughter, Miss Violet Ruth Colby, to Mr. William J. Japes, of Detroit, on Monday, January seventh, and the engagement of her daughter Miss Ruth Violet Colby to Mr. Philip R. Vernier, also of Detroit, the wedding has not

A DEAF SCULPTOR

Felix Martin, a Frenchman deaf from birth, who gained high distinction as a sculptor, died January 4, 1917, aged seventy-two. One of his best-known



works is the fine statue of the Abbe de l'Epee that stands in the court of honor of the National Institution of Paris, of which he was a graduate. It represents the good Abbe teaching a deaf boy to read and spell on his fingers the name "Dieu" (God).—*Annals of the Deaf*.

One thing which makes us find so few people who appear reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any one who does not think more of what he is about to say than of answering precisely what is said to him.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

Mrs. William J. Japes
nee Miss Violet Ruth Colby

been definitely set owing to the present war conditions. Mr. and Mrs. Japes are spending their honeymoon in Sunny California.

Invitations will be issued for a reception to be given at the Colby residence for Mr. and Mrs. Japes, April 22nd.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents

Visoen Elizabeth Holcombe—7 years old
Newton Reed Holcombe—5½ years old
Asa Stewart Holcombe—9 years old
Children of Hugo A. Holcombe, of
Bremerton, Washington

**MRS. SAMUEL KOHN AND SON**

Mrs. Kohn, as Miss Bonoff was a popular Fanwood girl and is now one of the leaders in New York's set of young matrons.

(Reproduced from a Photograph by Alexander L. Pach, N. Y.)

Benevolence is a duty. He who frequently practices it, and sees his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," it is not meant, thou shalt love him first and do him good in consequence of that love, but, thou shalt do good to thy neighbor; and this thy benevolence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fulness and consummation of the inclination to do good.—*Kant*.

The lessons of prudence have charms,
And slighted, may lead to distress;
But the man whom benevolence warms
Is an angel who lives but to bless.

—*Bloomfield*.

THE JERSEY CORNER

Conducted by Miles Sweeney



HOEVER takes the trouble to read up the history of the American deaf and note the progress they have made in the space of a hundred years, cannot help but regard the future with an enthusiastic eye. In sooth, I very much fear he will entertain hallucinations akin to those of Don Quixote de la Mancha. Pray, sir, be on your guard; do not expect to encounter giants, only a pigmy; but a pigmy that has the appearance of a giant.

According to Victor Hugo, "a dwarf has an excellent way of being taller than a giant; it is to perch himself on his shoulders." But it may be answered the creator of Quasimodo that he made his deaf hero do certain stunts rather becoming a gorilla. The American deaf are not going to imitate Don Quixote nor yet Quasimodo. But they are going to do things of a very practical nature or at least within the bounds of the possible end of justice. I shall give some hints.

Roughly speaking, there are at present 100,000 American deaf. Of this vast number only 2,000 are organized in a national sense. The rest are so many "tribes," so many detached and independent bodies scattered broadcast, each exerting its petty influence and the whole able to produce only "pink-tea" effects. Even the N. A. D. in its present condition can deliver a harder punch, though still a puny one. If therefore and with 2,000 members the N. A. D. is able to exert more influence than all those petty organizations with a total membership of perhaps 75,000, what will it accomplish with 25,000 members, just one-fourth the whole American deaf?

The American deaf are in the first stages of their development. A giant slowly but surely waking to a realization that it is only by **concentrating** his powers that he will be able to secure his interests, to command respect and to make things hum. Such is the lesson the deaf are to learn, and they will learn it in due season. They will learn to focus their forces, not scatter or dilate them; to organize on a big scale; to unite; to work together in one big concert; in fine, to make their forces flow to and issue from a **common center**. Then will they be in a position to do big things.

To return to giants and dwarfs. The pure oralists, let it be hoped, will not be alarmed at such prospects as the future offers to the American deaf. The worst that this class of educators will ever encounter are, **just demands**. The giant, that is to say, the American deaf, proposes to gently lift the dwarf from his shoulders, gently set him on the ground and gently inform him that although there are horses aplenty it is unfortunately out of the fashion these days, and particularly in this country, to be a chevalier.

"But I am in my element up there," protests the dwarf.

"Blame Nature, not me," replies the giant, "for giving you a pair of legs with which to tread the ground and not to grace one's back; blame her also for making you surpass only my knees. Be therefore content with thy lot, and thank the Lord that thou art not a fly."

"Ay, so very far from being a fly am I that I am in short your master."

"My master! you?"

"That I am. Why not?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that the Lord is not my master, yours and mine?"

"No; but I mean to tell you that I am your Lord, one minus a capital letter."

"Thou art too modest; may I go further and

recognize you as a House of Lords on condition that you recognize me as a House of Commons?"

"And the king—"

"Shall be Justice."

"What else?"

"You shall take care of the oral end and I shall take care of the sign end."

"The duties of the king—"

"Shall consist in maintaining a good balance and in seeing that neither side should presume to play the chevalier. Do those concessions suit?"

"They're interesting and I can almost say infamous. Go on."

"There needs little else to state than that you already have an outline of a compromise, the details of which I shall acquaint you with at a conference to be held 25 years hence, possibly 50 years in case I should oversleep. Being an ingenuous fellow such as giants are and ignorant of the diplomatic game, I shall take care to bring along an attorney so as not to get entangled in the meshes of equivocal language or caught up by the undercurrents and carried onto rocks that turn awry the principles of Americanism and democracy. Here's my hand. Good-bye till we meet again."

As there are those who take no stock in fiction, it is only proper to adduce some facts. Not only will it serve to substantiate our argument but give it, as it were, balance and symmetry. And in order to make the facts present as respectable an appearance as possible, I shall have them come not from myself but from two men who, though not to be considered infallible, are nevertheless entitled to at least as much respect as the pure oralists. A historian, and a psychologist shall be our sources of information; reserving for myself the impertinence, if so it may be termed, of criticizing their statements. Now for the historian.

Ladies and gentlemen, Henry Thomas Buckle. "One of the greatest books ever written by mortal man," said Elbert Hubbard, "is Henry Thomas Buckle's 'History of Civilization.' And Arthur Brisbane wrote: 'Buckle as a writer of historical truth is greater than any other the world has produced. He is a teacher of teachers. He taught writers of history how to write history.'" Thus far for an introduction to our historian; now for his statements, followed by such exceptions to them as my ingenuity can see fit to devise.

"There is no instance on record," writes Buckle, of any class possessing power without abusing it."

But, learned sir, there must be exceptions to the rule. For instance, a certain class of educators of philanthropic intent, bent on dominating the deaf schools and making the deaf happy by restoring them to hearing society.

"Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact that an overwhelming majority of religious persecutors have been men of the purest intentions, of the most admirable and unsullied morals. They are not bad-intentioned men, who seek to enforce opinions which they believe to be good. Still less are they bad men, who are so regardless of temporal considerations as to employ all the resources of their power, not for their own benefit, but for the purpose of propagating a religion which they think necessary to the future happiness of mankind. Such men as these are not bad, they are only ignorant; ignorant of the nature of truth, ignorant of the consequences of their own acts.... There is no instance on record of an ignorant man who, having good intentions, and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good."

But, Mr. Buckle, I can assure you that the educators in question are not a bunch of ignoramuses; on the contrary they are men of intelligence and high repute.

"No more so than Lord Bacon, who went corrupt, or Marcus Aurelius, who persecuted the Christians."

Acknowledged; but there still remains the probability that the **doctrines** of those educators are

not so much open to suspicion. To this end let's see what a psychologist has to say. Exit Buckle, enter William James.

"In training institutions for the blind," writes our psychologist "they teach the pupils as much about light as in ordinary schools. Reflection, refraction, the spectrum, the ether-theory, etc., are all studied. But the best taught born-blind pupil yet lacks a knowledge which the least instructed seeing baby has. They can never show him what light is in its 'first intention'; and the loss of that sensible knowledge nothing can replace. All this is so obvious that we usually find sensation 'postulated' as an element of experience even by those philosophers who are least inclined to make much of its importance, or to pay respect to the knowledge which it brings."

Good professor, I am afraid you give too much importance to sense-experience. According to some educators of the deaf, a born-deaf person can be taught to reproduce the sounds of everyday speech, sounds of such subtle texture that even those who can hear, especially children, negroes and Irishmen, occasionally blunder. So confident are those educators in their doctrines that they are awaiting the day when every school for the deaf will be a purely oral one.

❖ ❖

But sir, I have no patience for names of doubtful nature. I want certainty. For example, in the Pawnee language the word *tsaheekshkakooraiwah* signifies the devil. How appropriate it is will be perceived when in your first attempts to spell or pronounce it you cannot help but exclaim, the devil! as if to give emphasis to the fact.

"And wouldn't it prove a great treat to visit some school for the deaf and listen to born-deaf persons articulating some of those strange words which Gulliver learned in his travels. Judging from the case of that ingenious architect who builds houses from the roof downwards, I see no reason why the deaf cannot perform matters not quite so difficult."

❖ ❖

The Bennison baby is a stickler for big things. Rubber dolls, rattles and the like have no attraction for her; and her favorite toy, if you will pardon the expression, is none other than a tablespoon.

❖ ❖

Miss Mary Burke, a hearing teacher at the Providence, Rhode Island, school for the deaf, was a recent guest of Miss Anna Campbell for several days. She doesn't resemble the little state she came from, being taller than the average teacher; but when it comes to being in the company of us deaf, she presents a striking verisimilitude. The most acute-minded deaf person, if uninformed of the fact, would hardly detect her as a hearing person.

❖ ❖

Mr. R. C. Stephenson's son-in-law is in the U. S. Navy.

❖ ❖

You need not read the newspaper for war news. Just go over to Mr. Bennison and you will discover a well posted mind. And if you should be so fortunate as to find Mr. Bowker with him, you will get compound interest.

Benevolence is not in word and in tongue, but in deed and in truth. It is a business with men as they are, and with human life as drawn by the rough hand of experience. It is a duty which you must perform at the call of principle; though there be no voice of eloquence to give splendor to your exertions, and no music of poetry to lead your willing footsteps through the bowers of enchantment. It is not the impulse of high and ecstatic emotion. It is an exertion of principle. You must go to the poor man's cottage, though no verdure flourish around it, and no rivulet be nigh to delight you by the gentleness of its murmurs. If you look for the romantic simplicity of fiction you will be disappointed; but it is your duty to persevere, in spite of every discouragement. Benevolence is not merely a feeling but a principle; not a dream of rapture for the fancy to indulge in, but a business for the hand to execute.—*Chalmers*.

THE SPICE BOX

By HARRY E. STEVENS



THE MANLY MAN

The world has room for the manly man with the spirit of manly cheer;
The world delights in the man who smiles when his eyes keep back the tear;
It loves the man who, when things go wrong, can take his place and stand
With his face to the fight and his eyes to the light, and toil with a willing hand;
The manly man is the country's need, and the moment's need, forsooth,
With a heart that beats to the pulsing tread of the lilled leagues of truth;
The world is his and it waits for him and it leaps to hear the ring
Of the blow he strikes and the wheels he turns and the hammers he dares to swing;
It likes the forward look in his face, the poise of his noble head,
And the onward lunge of his tireless will and the sweep of his dauntless tread;
Hurrah for the manly man who comes with sunlight on his face,
And the strength to do and the will to dare and the courage to find his place!
The world delights in the manly man, and the weak and evil flee,
When the manly man goes forth to hold his own on land or sea—American Israelite

YOUTH

By DR. FRANK CRANE

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years—wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

Worry, doubt, self distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and at starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing, childlike appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of living. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is Love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies you are old.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage, and power from the earth, from men, and from the Infinite, so long are you young. When the wires are down and the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at twenty, and may God have mercy upon your soul!—May Cosmopolitan.

A FRIEND

A friend is a person who is "for you" always, under any circumstances.

He never investigates you.

When charges are made against you he does not ask proof. He asks the accuser to clear out.

He likes you just as you are. He does not want to alter you.

Whatever kind of coat you are wearing suits him. Whether you have on a dress suit or a hickory shirt with no collar, he thinks it's fine.

He likes your moods and enjoys your pessimism as much as your optimism.

He likes your success. And your failure endears you to him the more.

He is better than a lover because he is never jealous.

He wants nothing from you except that you be yourself.

He is the one being with whom you can feel safe. With him you can utter your heart, its badness and its goodness. You don't have to be careful.

There are many faithful wives and husbands; there are few faithful friends.

Friendship is the most admirable, amazing and rare article among human beings.

Anybody can stand by you when you are right; a friend stands by you even when you are wrong.

The highest known form of friendship is that of a dog to his master. You are in luck if you can find one man or woman on earth that has that kind of affection for you and fidelity to you.

Like the shade of a great tree in the noonday heat, is a friend.

Like the home port, with your country's flag flying, after long journeys, is a friend.

A friend is an impregnable citadel of refuge in the strife of existence.

It is he who keeps alive your faith in human nature, that makes you believe it is a good universe.

He is the antidote to despair, the elixir of hope, the tonic of depression, the medicine to cure suicide.

When you are vigorous and spirited, you like to take your pleasures with him; when you are in trouble you want to tell him; when you are dying you want him near.

You give to him without reluctance and borrow from him without embarrassment.

If you live fifty years and find one absolute friend you are fortunate.—Selected.

BORN DIPLOMAT

"Harry, I am beginning to believe the baby looks like you."

"Are you, dear?"

"Yes. I notice it more and more every day. I'm so glad."

"Do you really want him to look like me?"

"Of course I do. I've been sorry every since we had him christened that we didn't give him your name."

"Sweetheart, you don't know how happy you make me by saying that."

"And, Harry, dear, I found the loveliest hat today. I don't believe I ever saw anything that was so becoming to me. It's \$35. Do you think I ought to pay that much for a hat?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The following is an extract from an address delivered by Abraham Lincoln before the Washington society, Springfield, Ill., in 1842:

"When the conduct of men is designed to be influenced, persuasion—kind, unassuming persuasion—should ever be adopted. It is an old and true maxim 'that a drop of honey catches more flies than a gallon of gall.' So with men. If you would win a man to our cause, first convince him that you are his sincere friend. Therein is a drop of honey which catches his heart, which, say what he will, is the great high road to his reason, and which when once gained you will find but little trouble in convincing his judgment of the justice of your cause, if indeed that cause be really a just one. On the contrary, assume to dictate to his judgment, or to command his action, or to mark him as one to be shunned or despised, and he will retreat within himself, close all the avenues to his head and his heart; and though your cause be naked truth itself transformed to the heaviest lance, harder than steel, and sharper than steel can be made, and though you throw it with more than herculean force and precision, you shall be no more able to pierce him than to penetrate the hard shell of a tortoise with a rye straw. Such is man, and so must he be understood by those who would lead him, even to his own best interests."

WAR-TIME RECIPES

Conducted by Mrs. Eleanor Record Sigel

Our readers are invited to contribute to this department suggestions and recipes that they have found useful and economical in practice.

First of all I want to thank the good housewives who have sent in some of their most economical dishes; I have tried a few of them and found them so good that they are in the column this month. Next month there will be others, and I hope if any of you have any good "meat substitute dishes" you will send them in as soon as possible so that they may be tested and passed on to all our readers. We need all the help we can get to make food help win the war.

Codfish—Spanish Style

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 heaping cupful salt fish | 1 Onion (chopped) |
| 1 tablespoon margarine | 1 cup stewed tomatoes |
| 1 tablespoon chopped green peppers | |

Cut into small pieces enough salt codfish to make a heaping cupful. Remove the skin and bones, put fish in an earthen dish, cover with boiling water and keep hot without cooking for 2 hours, drain, cool and shred fine. Put the fat in a frying-pan, add the onion chopped fine and cook until lightly browned, add the fish and just enough boiling water to cover, 1 cup of stewed and strained tomatoes, and one tablespoon of chopped green peppers, and let simmer one hour. Season with salt and pepper and serve on squares of toasted bread.

The following two recipes were contributed by our readers:

Beef in Casserole

(By Ella B. Lloyd, Vancouver, Wash.)

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 lbs shoulder or bot-tom round, | 1 tablespoon salt |
| 6 medium sized onions | ½ teaspoon pepper flour |
| 3 thin slices salt pork | 2 cups water |

Have steak cut in two inch pieces. Put a layer in bottom of casserole, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little flour. Cover with a layer of sliced onions. Continue until meat is all used, sprinkle salt, pepper and flour on top, place the slices of pork on, add the water, cover casserole and bake in a moderate oven about 2½ hours.

A Good Luncheon Dish

(By Josephine Stephenson, Trenton, N. J.)

Wash and scrub potatoes and prepare as for baking; cut in halves lengthwise, place in a small baking pan, lay slices of bacon on cut side of potatoes. Bake in a moderate oven until tender. These are delicious and require no butter in serving.

Orange Marmelade

- | | | |
|-----------|-------|--------------|
| 6 oranges | water | 1 grapefruit |
| 4 lemons | | sugar |

After washing, cut the fruit in quarters to remove the seeds, and slice very thin. To each pound of sliced fruit add three pints of cold water. Let stand 24 hours. Boil 2 hours, or until the peel is tender. Let stand until next day and to each pint of boiled fruit add one pound of granulated sugar. Boil two hours or until it jellies. This makes 20 glasses. (From "Jams in Winter Time," by Eleanor Record Sigel—"Pictorial Review" for February, 1918.

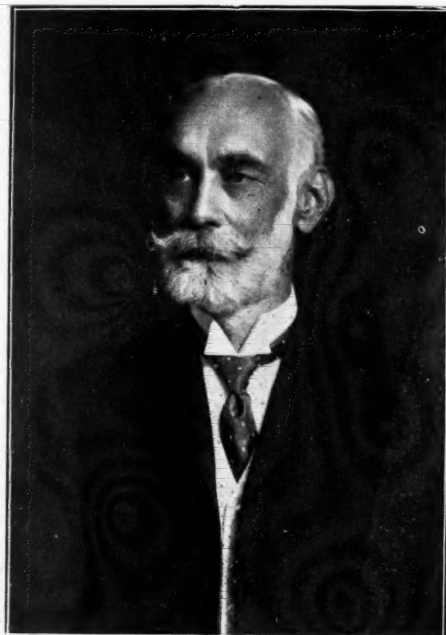
Beet Relish

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 pint of chopped boiled beets | ½ tablespoon salt |
| 1 pint of chopped cabbage | 1 cup sugar |
| ½ cup grated horseradish | pepper to taste |
| | vinegar to cover |

The beets are the only ingredients that are cooked. This will be ready for use in two days. It is a delicious relish and adds a bright touch of color to the winter table.

The Jenkins Memorial Fund

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THE LATE WESTON JENKINS

Born December 20th, 1845. Died April 12th,
Easter day, 1914.
First Superintendent of the New Jersey School
for the Deaf.—1883-1899.

IN MEMORY OF HIM

A patient tiller of unhappy soil,
Who won his way to sense bereaved hearts
In richest outlay of unwearied toil,
He envied none the fruits of selfish arts.

The brightest coin of flattering renown
Could never tempt him to bestow alloy:—
Dishonest service. Coveting a crown
Of thorns to one of basely gilded joy.

He made a loving sacrifice of life
To broaden it for those to whom its gate
Stood narrowly ajar, made hard the strife,
With shadowing mysteries of human fate.

So let our hearts grow stronger as we lay
Upon his tomb our wreaths bedewed with tears,
And pray the remnant of our work betray
No loss of faith, no weak or lingering fears
Let his pure service, our fond heritage,
Be blotted from our Father's living page.
C. W. J.

Bulletin No. 27

Columbus Lodge No. 120 F. and A. M.	\$10.00
Mr. John P. Walker	5.00
A Friend	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter	4.00
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Mr. George F. Morris	3.00
Miss Grace Rae	3.00
Mr. Samuel Frankenheim	2.50
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Mrs. E. McCarty	1.00
A Friend	1.00
Miss Jennie M. Clauss	.50
Miss Marjorie Brittain	.50
Miss Ethel Collins	.50
Mr. Albert Titus	.50
Mr. Charles Jones	.50
Miss Catherine Smith	.50
Mr. F. W. Meiken	.50
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Shaw	.50
Miss Mabel Snowden	.50
Miss Clementa Meleg	.50
Mr. William H. Reyman	.25
Mr. Thomas Kelly	.25
Through Mrs. M. L. Glynn	15.00
Through Peter Brede	12.50
Through John M. Black	10.70
Through William Atkinson	9.00
Through Charles Cascella	9.00
Through Arthur R. Smith	2.40
Through Mildred Henemier	2.35
Through George Bedford	1.60
Through Roy J. Hapward	5.45
Collected by Alfred W. Shaw from boys of the New Jersey School	1.65
Collected by Ruth Ramshaw from girls of the New Jersey School	1.40
Accrued Interest	5.09

Total to date.....\$171.89

All contributions will be acknowledged in the
Bulletins that follow.

At the last convention of the New Jersey State
Association of the Deaf it was decided to have a
bronze tablet, leaving Mr. Elmer Hannan the only
bidder. He offers a 18"x25" bronze tablet with
portrait of Mr. Jenkins and such an amount of let-
terings to record his praiseworthy deeds for \$185.00.
About \$25.00 will still have to be raised to complete
the fund and allow a little besides for incidental
expenses. If there should be a balance after the
Committee has met all necessary expenses the Asso-
ciation can decide on what disposition to make of it.

Do not wait to be asked but send on your contri-
bution as soon as possible. Time is going fast. If
twenty-five deaf people in New Jersey contribute
\$1.00 each, the Fund will be completed. The same
end will be reached if twice that number send the
Custodian only 50 cents.

The following persons have doubled their subscrip-
tions: Alexander L. Pach, W. W. Beadell, George
K. S. Gompers, George F. Morris, Miss Grace Rae,
Mr. Charles Stevens and George S. Porter. Next?

We want the deaf of New Jersey to wake up
and BOOST and BOOST the Fund. Don't put off
till to-morrow, next day, next week, next month.
Do it NOW.

GEORGE S. PORTER,
Custodian.

School for the Deaf, Trenton, New Jersey.

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Ephpheta

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TERMS OF ADMISSION

THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, established by act approved March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on the following conditions:

The candidate must be a resident of the State, not less than six years nor more than twenty-one years of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical health and intellectual capacity to profit by the instruction afforded. The person making application for the admission of a child as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form, furnished for the purpose, giving necessary information in regard to the case. The application must be accompanied by a certificate from a county judge or county clerk of the county, or the chosen freeholder or township clerk of the township, or a mayor of the city, where the applicant resides, also a certificate from two freeholders of the county. These certificates are printed on the same sheet with the forms of application, and are accompanied by full directions for filling them out. Blank forms of application and any desired information in regard to the school may be obtained by writing to the following address,

ALVIN E. POPE, Superintendent,
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, TRENTON, N. J.

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